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COURSING WITH GREYHOUNDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By C. F. HOLDER.



READY FOR A HUNT.

is blinking, puffing out her lips, whining, in fact, laughing and talking after her fashion; and probably this is what she is trying to say: "I am a greyhound. I can outrun any hare in Pasadena, and when I was younger and not so heavy I could jump up behind my master on the horse when the grass and flowers were tall, and so look around for a jack-rabbit."

Mouse does not mention that the horse decidedly objected to her sharp claws, sometimes bucking to throw her off, and thus has often made

S I write, a hound, faithful and true, is looking up into my face, her long slender muzzle resting on my arm, her eyes beaming with intelligence. Her name is "Mouse," and she is a greyhound known to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS in the San Gabriel Valley, in Southern California. She

it very uncomfortable for her master. She has just taken her head from my arm, offended perhaps at this breach of confidence, so I must continue the story without further comment from her.

Mouse is but one of a number of dogs that constitute the pack of the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena, Southern California. Most are greyhounds, but there are a few of the fine stag-hounds that the famous Landseer loved to paint. Some are mouse-colored, like Mouse herself; others a tawny hue; others again mouse and white. And in the field together they present a fine appearance—long, slender forms, delicate limbs, powerful muscles, rat-like tails, deep chests, pointed muzzles, and feet like springy cushions. They are quaintly described in the old lines:

"Headed like a snake,
Necked like a drake,
Backed like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat."

When preparing for an outing, Mouse and Dinah (the latter being her baby, though taller than the mother) well know what is to come. When riding-crop, gloves, saddle, and bridle

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appear, they become intensely excited, and insist upon holding my gloves or the crop, and, when I mount, leap up against the horse with every expression of delight. As we ride out of the orange grove, it is a wild and delicious morning, such as one can find, in February, only in Southern California. Hills, fields, and meadows are green, roses are on every side, oranges glisten on their dark-green trees, the air is rich with floral odors and filled with the song of birds. Snow is gleaming on the big peaks of the Sierra Madres: it is winter there, over the tops of the orange trees, but summer down here in the valley. No wonder the dogs are delighted and the horses need the curb. Ladies and gentlemen appear, coming out of side streets and bound for the "meet," followed by coaches with merry riders, all headed for the *mesa* at the foot of the Sierra Madre range. Now the silvery notes of a horn are borne melodiously on the wind, and out from the shadow of the eucalyptus grove comes the pack of hounds from San Marino, one of the beautiful homes in the San Gabriel; a few moments later the

colored, and one is jet-black. Each a bunch of springs and nerves, a noble group they make: Dinah, Silk, Raymon, Mouse, Fleet, Eclipse, and many more.

The hunt is made up of nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen, lovers of riding and dogs. Thirty or more are on horseback, with invited guests from all over the county, and the remainder in coaches and carriages, who follow the hunt in this way and at noon meet the riders at breakfast in some shaded nook. The horn sounds gleefully. The great, high-pointed Mexican saddles, which the gentlemen use, are looked after. Horses champ their musical bits, eager to be off, and finally, at the word, the cavalcade winds slowly down the hill, spreading out over the *mesa*—a gently rising tract, the slope of the mountains, planted with grape, orange, and olive, with intervening spaces of very low brush. Two miles or less away, rise the Sierra Madres like a huge stone wall, with peaks from four thousand to eleven thousand feet high; and along their base the hunt proceeds. A few feet in advance, mounted on a fiery bronco, is the master

of the hounds with his silver horn. The dogs separate and move slowly ahead, wading now through banks of golden poppies, wild heliotrope, and brown-backed violets. Greyhounds do not hunt by scent, as foxhounds do, but by sight alone; so, every now and then they stop to look about, all the while keeping a keen eye ahead.

Suddenly there is a shout, and horses and dogs are away. From under the very nose of Mouse a curious apparition springs up—a fluffy

object of grayish tints. It is the jack-rabbit! For an instant he stands astonished, wondering what it is all about, then dashes away like a rocket and is followed by the field. Nearly all the dogs see him; while those that do not, follow the others. The horses seem to understand



"THE HOUND COULD JUMP UPON THE HORSE, AND SO LOOK AROUND FOR A JACK-RABBIT."

hunt is together on a lofty hill overlooking the surrounding country. Young folks are patting and admiring the dogs; and noble fellows these dogs are. Among them are some great tawny leonine creatures, brought from Australia, where they hunted the kangaroo; others are mouse-

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the shout and in a moment are off in a wild race over the *mesa*, beating down the flowers and throwing clods of earth behind them.

The "Jack," true to his instincts, makes for the low brush in a washout. He seems a streak of light disappearing and reappearing here and there. The dogs are doing their best, working like machines. Watch their wonderful running! Even at the terrific pace, with ditches, and holes dug by gophers, badgers, or owls to look out for, the action of the beautiful dogs attracts our attention. They sweep on like the wind—a kaleidoscopic effect of grays and yellows, passing and re-passing. Now Silk leads, then in turn the blue dog is ahead. See! Mouse is in the air. Losing sight of the game, she leaps bodily three feet upward over the brush, looks quickly around, catches sight of the fleeing form, and is away again. The speed is marvelous! No race-horse can keep up with a thoroughbred racing greyhound, yet the field is doing bravely. One little boy, though far behind, follows pluckily, his short-legged pony struggling sturdily through a plowed field.

The hare has dashed across the washout and up a large vineyard, around and down a well-known road. How they go! Four, six, ten horses all bunched, and running like the wind—a wild, melodious jangle of hoofs, spurs, and bit-chains. Up go the dogs suddenly. "Jump!" cries the Master of the Hounds warningly, turning in his saddle. The hare has stopped abruptly at the edge of a dry ditch and turned at a sharp angle. Some of the dogs go over and sweep around in great curves, while others break off on both sides and are soon following the game over the back track. A noble chase it is! Everything favors the hare, and he is making a

great run. Hunters give out; one or two dogs are fagged; but over the green fields and down toward the city goes the main body of the hunt. The little fellow on the pony has become discouraged. The pony is breathing hard and his brave rider's yellow locks have evidently been in contact with the pin-clover.



"THE DOG INSERTS ITS LONG NOSE BENEATH THE HARE, AND TOSSES HIM INTO THE AIR."

But courage! what is this? A shout from below, and he sees the Jack, with ears flat,—a signal of distress,—coming up the slope; the dogs have turned him again. Off the young rider goes over the field, side by side with hare and hounds. Soon a big mouse-colored dog darts ahead, overtakes the hare, and kills him instantly. Often the dog inserts its long nose beneath the hare, and tosses him into the air. A moment later, the entire field is about the catch, and the long ears and diminutive brush of this farmers' pest decorate the hat of the first lady in at the finish.

Panting dogs and horses and flushed riders are grouped about; owners making excuses for pet dogs, and all agreeing that the hare was a most extraordinary old fellow, wily and conceited. He must have girdled many peach and cherry trees in his time, and no one mourns his fate.



NEARING THE FINISH.

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Now the run is discussed, and its good points dilated upon; favorite horses are petted, and young men with suspicious grass stains on their coats and trousers are ridiculed. Now one may see a thirsty dog drinking from a canteen which one of the huntsmen has unslung, while other dogs await their turn; others again are lying on the cool grass, panting like steam-engines, yet very proud of their work. Half an hour or more is given for rest, then dogs, horses, and riders are ready for another run, and perhaps two miles of delightful country is gone over before another hare is seen. This time he runs for the mountains, and after carrying the hunt a mile or more up the slope, dashes into the big cañon and is away, while the disappointed dogs and riders join the coaches and carriages at the hunt breakfast, spread on the slope among the wild flowers; and here, looking down on the lovely valley and the Pacific Ocean thirty miles away, the day's sport ends.

Such is real "hare and hounds" in Southern California—an inspiring sport, as the natural instincts of the greyhounds are given full play, and the hare has every advantage, and can only be caught if faithfully followed by riding at a pace which, for speed and excitement, is never equaled, I venture to say, in the Eastern States.

The greyhound is becoming a popular dog in America, and coursing clubs are being formed throughout the country, dogs being imported at great expense. In certain regions of California the hare exists in myriads, and the ranchers keep the greyhounds to run them off, so it is natural that Californians should believe that they have some of the fastest dogs in the country. How fast can they run? A good greyhound has been known to run four miles in twelve minutes. "Silk" has caught a hare within one hundred and fifty feet of the start, and as for "Mouse," now fat and heavy, I have run the fastest horse I could find against her, and she was always just ahead, looking back as if to say, "Why don't you come?" The pace of the dogs is illustrated by the fact that two of them when running in a vineyard came into collision; light and slender as the animals were, one dog's neck was broken and the other hound was seriously injured.

Coursing is by no means a new sport. Not

only is it an old English custom, but even in the ancient carvings of Thebes we find the greyhound. Among the ancients, chasing the hare with these dogs was considered a noble sport, for the greyhound has an aristocratic mien, and is the type of refinement and culture among dogs. True coursing differs materially from the methods of the hunt described,



GREYHOUNDS DRINKING FROM A CANTEN AFTER THE RUN.

and often degenerates into a sport carried on simply for gain. It was first organized as a sport by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Elizabeth, and the old rules are to some extent followed in England to-day. In these, the various efforts of the dogs in turning the hare count, and numbers of dogs contest, one with another, to a finish. In America, coursing clubs rarely, if ever, run the dogs in narrow inclosures, as it is thought unsportsmanlike not to give the hare every advantage. Certainly, such is the spirit of the sport in Southern California.

The hare runs as fast as the dogs, but as he lacks their endurance he takes them up slopes and over rough country, displaying great cunning. One hare, which I have chased a number of times, invariably ran in a wide circle, finally leading the dogs among the rocks and escaping

in a thick grove. This little animal is indebted to me for much exercise, and I have no doubt he enjoyed the running. The hare being smaller and lighter can turn more quickly, and the best dog is the one that can most adroitly meet these quick changes of direction. The pack is rushing along when the hare suddenly turns at a right angle; poor dogs overrun and take a wide turn, and before they can recover, the hare is far away. Still, a good dog will lose but little. Once my dog had almost caught a hare, when the cunning animal darted to a tree and began to run around it in a circle, while I stopped and looked on. Mouse could not make the turns so quickly, and apparently soon became dizzy, for, as the hare ran off, she came to me very much embarrassed at my laughter. Another time I saw a Jack turn suddenly, dodge Mouse's snap at him, and dart between her legs and away.

Master M'Grath, the famous dog of Lord Lurgan, was for many years the fastest dog in the world, but in making comparisons it should be remembered that the English hare is not so swift a runner as our Western "jack-rabbit," or hare.

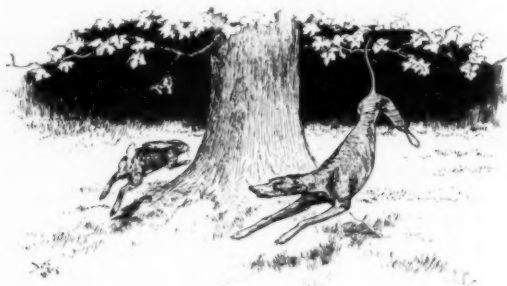
The greyhound, running by sight alone, shows remarkable intelligence in following the game, leaping into the air, as we have seen, looking sharply about, and using its intelligence in a marvelous way. When a hare is caught, he is killed

instantly and tossed into the air, the other dogs recognizing the winner's rights and rarely making an attempt to touch the game after the death.

Besides being shapely and beautiful, the greyhound has both courage and affection. It will run down a deer or wolf as quickly as a hare, and is ferocious in its anger with a large foe. My dogs are remarkably affectionate and intelligent, extremely sensitive to kindness or rebuke. The moment the house is opened in the morning, Mouse, if not forbidden, rushes upstairs, pushes open my door, and greets me as if we had been separated for months. Then she will dart into my dressing-room and reappear with a shoe, or a leggin, if she can find it, and present it to me, wagging her tail and saying plainly, "Come, it's time to be up; a fine day for a run!"

No charge of cruelty can be brought against coursing where the animal is faithfully followed. In shooting rabbits and hares they will often escape badly wounded, but death by the hounds is instantaneous.

The death of the hare is not considered an important feature, the pleasure being derived from watching the movements of the dogs, their magnificent bursts of speed, the turns and stops, their strategy in a hundred ways, and especially from the enjoyment of riding over the finest winter country in the world.



CUNNING AGAINST SPEED.



A PUEBLO RABBIT-HUNT.

By C. F. LUMMIS.

It is curious how much more we hear of the marvelous customs and strange peoples of other lands than of those still to be found in our own great nation. Almost every schoolboy, for instance, knows of the Australian boomerang-throwers; but very few people in the East are aware that within the limits of the United States, in the portion longest inhabited by Caucasians, we have a race of ten thousand aborigines who are practically boomerang-throwers. It is true that they do not achieve the wonderful parabolas and curves of the Australians; and, for that matter, we are learning that many of the astounding tales told of the Australian winged club are mere fiction. It is true, however, that while the Bushmen can not so throw the boomerang that it will kill an animal and *then* return to the thrower, they can make it return from a sportive throw in the air; and that they can impart to it, even in a murderous flight, gyrations which seem quite as remarkable as did the curving of a base-ball when that "art" was first discovered.

The Pueblo Indians, who are our American boomerang-throwers, attempt no such subtleties. Their clubs are of boomerang shape, and can not be excelled in deadly accuracy and force by the Australian weapon; but they are thrown only to kill, and then to lie by the victim till picked up. Even without the "return-ball" feature, the

Pueblo club-throwing is the most wonderful exhibition of marksmanship and skill within my experience — and that includes all kinds of hunting for all kinds of game on this continent. Under the circumstances in which these clubs are used, rifles, never so skillfully handled, could not be more effective.

The Pueblos are a peculiar people. Quiet, friendly, intelligent, industrious farmers, they dwell in quaint villages of neat and comfortable adobes, which are a never-failing wonder to the intelligent traveler in New Mexico. Their primitive weapons, of course, gave place long ago to modern fire-arms. All have good rifles and six-shooters, usually of the best American makes, and are expert in the use of them. But there is one branch of the chase for which the guns are left at home — and that is the rabbit-drive. The outfit of each of the throng of hunters out for a rabbit-hunt consists merely of three elbow-crooked clubs.

When that forgotten hero, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, beside whose privations and wanderings those of all other explorers seem petty, first set foot in the interior of the country now called the United States, more than three and a half centuries ago, he found the Pueblos already using their boomerangs. Returning to Spain after his unparalleled journey of nine years on

foot through an unknown world, Vaca wrote in his journal, about 1539:

"These Indians were armed with clubs which they threw with astonishing precision, and killed with them more hares than they could consume. There were hares in great abundance. When one was seen, the Indians would surround and attack him with their clubs, driving him from one to another till he was killed."

Two varieties of rabbits are still wonderfully abundant in New Mexico. Many are shot in the winter by the Pueblos, casually, but rabbit hunting in earnest is confined to the warm months, generally beginning in May.

I had lived a long time in the pueblo of Isleta before the twelve hundred Indians who are "my friends and fellow-citizens" decided upon a rabbit-drive. We had had dances,—strange in significance as in performance,—superb foot-races and horse-races and other diversions on the holidays of the saints; but no hunting. One day, however, I saw a boy digging a root which he whittled into significant shape; and later in the afternoon wrinkled Lorenzo, my next-door neighbor, left his burro and his ponderous irrigating-hoe outside the door, and stepped into my little adobe room with an air of unusual importance. He seated himself slowly, reached for my tobacco and a corn-husk, and rolled a cigarette with great deliberation; but all the time I could see that he was swelling with important news.

"*Que hay, compadre?*"* I asked at last, passing him a match.

"Good news! Perhaps, to-morrow we hunt rabbits. There are many on the *llano* toward the Hill of the Wind. This evening you will know, if you hear the *tombé* and the crier."

Sure enough, just before the sun went down behind the sacred crater, the muffled "*pom! pom!*" of the big drum floated across the plaza to me; and soon the Isleta Daily Herald, as I might call him,—a tall, deep-chested Pueblo with a thunderous voice,—was circulating the news. He stalked solemnly through the uncertain streets, his great voice rolling out now and then in sonorous syllables which might have been distinguished at half a mile. A convenient newspaper, truly, for a population which does not read! The governor ordered,

he said, a great hunt to-morrow. After mass, all those who were to hunt must meet at the top of the *mal pais mesa*,† west of the gardens. And Francisco Duran had been chosen *Capitan* of the hunt.

At 10 o'clock next morning Juan Rey brought me the very laziest horse in the world. Old Lorenzo was already astride his pinto burro, with three clubs lashed behind the dumpy saddle, and in his hand the customary short stick wherewith to guide Flojo by whacks on both sides of the neck—for burros are not trained to bridles.

We poked across the level river-bottom, wound through the beautiful gardens and orchards, splashed across the roily irrigating-ditches, and at last, after a short, sharp "tug," stood upon the top of the mesa, which with its black lava cliffs hems the valley on the west. We were "r" but the arrival of a boy with a spade—used in evicting such rabbits as might seek their burrows—enabled us to beguile the hot hour of waiting by digging and eating an aromatic root.

Presently the hunters came swarming over the huge yellow sand-hill to the south, and rode toward us in a shifting patch of color the units of which danced, revolved, and mingled and fell apart like the gay flakes of a kaleidoscope. There were a hundred and fifty of them, from white-headed men of ninety to supple boys of twelve. Their white, flapping *calsoncillos*,‡ red print shirts, maroon leggings and moccasins, with the various hues of their animals, made a pretty picture against the somber background. Most of them rode their small but tireless ponies—descended, as are all the "native" horses of the plains, from the matchless Arab steeds brought from Spain by the *Conquistadores*. A few were perched upon solemn burros; and a dozen ambitious young men were afoot. Only three besides myself carried firearms. Just as the crowd neared us, a big jack-rabbit leaped up from his nap behind a tiny sage-bush, and came loping away toward the cliff. The clubs had not yet been unslashed from the saddles, but handsome Pablo's six-shooter rang out, and the "American kangaroo," whirling half a dozen somersaults from his own inertia, lay motionless.

Five minutes later, we were all huddled together on the edge of the cliff, facing to the brown

* What is it, friend?

† The mesa of the bad land.

‡ Trousers.

rolling uplands westward. In front was the withered *capitan*, consulting with the other old men. Then a few grandsires dismounted and squatted upon the ground; the captain called out a brief command in Tegua, and off we went loping in two files, making a huge V, whose sides grew longer and farther apart as the old men at the angle grew smaller and smaller behind us. At every hundred yards or so, the rear man of each file dropped out of the procession and sat waiting, his horse's head facing the interior of the V.

When we had ridden a mile and a half, the foremost men of the opposite file were nearly as far from us. We could barely see them against the side of a long swell. Then a faint shrill call from the captain floated across to us, and we began to bend our arm of the V inward, the others doing the same, till at last the ends of the two arms met, and instead of a V we had an irregular O, two miles in its longest diameter, and marked out on the plain by the dot-like sentinels.

Now sharp eyes could detect that the oval was beginning to shrink inward from the other end. The old men were walking toward us; and one after another the sentinels left their posts and began to move forward and inward. Sharp and shrill their "Hi!-i-i!" ran along the contracting circle. Some of the hunters were still mounted, some led their horses by the lariat, and some turned them loose to follow at will. Suddenly there was a babel of shouts away down the line. We who were waiting patiently on our little rise at the head of the "surround," saw a sudden scurrying at a point in the circle a quarter of a mile away. The excitement ran along the line toward us as waves run along a rope when an end is shaken. One after another we saw sentinels dashing forward, with uplifted arms.

"*Alli viene!*"* called Lorenzo to me, leaping from Flojo and running forward with two clubs grasped in his left hand, and one brandished aloft in the right. The third man to the left doubled himself like a jack-knife with the effort which sent his club *ssh-shsh-ing* through the air; but the long-eared fugitive had seen him, and floundered twenty feet aside in the nick of time. Old Lorenzo's arm had been "feinting" back and forth as he ran; and now, on a sudden, the curved missile sprang out through the air, rose,

settled again, and went skimming along within a yard of the ground—a real "daisy-cutter," as a ball-player would have called it. The distance was full fifty yards, and the rabbit was going faster than any dog on earth, save the fleetest greyhound, could run. It would have been an extraordinary shot with a rifle. I was opening my mouth to say, "Too far, *compadre!*"—but before the three words could tumble from my tongue, there was a little thud, a shrill squeal from out a flurry of dust, and seventy-year old Lorenzo was bounding forward like a boy, only to return, a moment later, with a big jack, which he proudly lashed behind his saddle. The club had hit the rabbit in the side, and had torn him nearly in two.

In a few minutes the first round was over, with a net result of only three rabbits, and we were all huddled together again in a little council of war. Then the white-headed chief stepped out in front; and those who had hats removed them, and all listened reverently while his still resonant voice rose in an earnest prayer to the god of the chase to—send us more rabbits! The old men took from secret recesses the quaint little hunting-fetich—a stone image of the coyote, most successful of hunters—and did it reverence.

"*Hai-ko!*" shouted the captain at last, and off went the divergent lines again, over the ridge and down the gentle ten-mile slope toward the foot of the Hill of the Wind. At the head of the loping horses of each file ran the boys, tireless and agile as young deer; and they kept their place during the seven hours of the hunt. The old men sat as usual in a row, while the long human line ran out on either side, tying a sentinel knot in itself at every few rods. The ground was now more favorable. The sage and *chaparro* were taller and more abundant, and where the shelter was so good there were sure to be rabbits. There is a peculiar fascination in watching those long arms as they reach out for the "surrounds." When I have a good horse I always seek an elevation whence to take in the whole inspiring scene, and then gallop back to the cordon in time to be "in at the death"; but to-day I had to be content if I could keep Bayo in the procession at all. But even from the level it was a gallant sight,—that long array of far-off centaurs skirting the plain, unmistakably

* There he comes!

Indian in every motion, the free rise and fall of the bronco lope, distinguishable even when the figures had dwindled to wee specks on the horizon; and before and beside me swart faces and stalwart forms, sweeping on in the whirlwind of our hoof-beats.

The second "surround" was much larger than the first, the sentinels having been placed at greater intervals. Just as the ends of the three-mile circle came together, a gaunt jack sprang from the earth at our very feet, and dashed through the line before the hunters could even grasp their clubs. Ambrosio, a young Apollo in bronze, wheeled his big gray like a flash, and dashed in pursuit — so quickly, indeed, that I had to throw my gun in the air to avoid giving him a dose of shot intended for the rabbit; whereupon the waggish old ex-governor, Vicente, called out to me: "*Cuidado!*"* This is not to hunt *Cristianos*, but rabbits!"

Ambrosio's mount was one of the fleetest in the pueblo, victor in many a hard-fought *gallo* race; and now he went thundering down the plain, devouring distance with mighty leaps, and plainly glorying in the mad race as much as did his rider. Ambrosio sat like a carven statue, save that the club poised in his right hand waved to and fro tentatively, and his long jet hair streamed back upon the wind. Todillo had found a foe-man worthy of his hoofs. Grandly as his sinewy legs launched him across the *llano*, away ahead gleamed that strange animate streak of gray-on-white, whose wonderful "pats" seemed never to touch the ground. And when the thunderous pursuer was gaining, and I could see — for I was chasing not the *rabbit* but the *sight* — that Ambrosio drew back his arm, there came a marvelous flash to the left, and there was the jack, flying at right angles to his course of an instant before, and now broadside toward us; I say "flying," for so it seemed. The eye could scarcely be convinced that that astounding apparition sailing along above the dwarfed brush was really a quadruped, forced to gather momentum from mother earth like the rest of us. It appeared rather some great hawk, skimming close to the ground in chase of its scurrying prey. Try as I would, my eyes refused to realize that that motion was not flight but a series of incredible bounds.

There is none of this fascinating illusion about the ordinary run of the jack-rabbit; and yet, following one in the snow, when he had no more pressing pursuer than myself on foot, I have measured a jump of twenty-two feet! What one can do when pressed to his utmost, I have never been able to decide definitely; but it is much more than that.

Had Todillo been unused to the sport, the race would have ended then and there; but he knew rabbits as well as did his master. If he could not match — and no other animal ever did match — the supreme grace and agility with which his provoking little rival had doubled on the course, the tremendous convulsion of strength with which he swerved and followed was hardly less admirable. It seemed as if the effort must have broken him in twain.

Again the tall pursuer was gaining on the pursued. Fifty feet — forty-eight — forty-five — and Ambrosio rose high in his stirrups, his long arm flashed through the air, and a dark streak shot out so swiftly that for an instant the horse seemed to have stopped, so easily it outsped him. And in the same motion, at the same gallop, Ambrosio was swooping low from his saddle, so that from our side we could see only his left arm and leg; and in another instant was in his seat again, swinging the rabbit triumphantly overhead!

We galloped back to the "surround," which was slowly closing in, and now not a quarter of a mile across. The inclosed brush seemed alive with rabbits. At least a dozen were dashing hither and yon, seeking an avenue of escape. One old fellow in the center sat up on his haunches, with ears erect, to take in the whole situation. But his coolness cost him dear. "*Cuidado!*" came a yell from across the circle; and we sprang aside just before Bautisto's rifle flashed, and the too prudent rabbit fell, the ball passing through his head and singing shrilly by us.

Now the rabbits began to grow desperate, and to try to break through the line at all hazards. As soon as one was seen bearing down on the line, the twenty or thirty nearest men made a wild rally toward him. Sometimes he would double away, and sometimes try to dodge between their very legs. Then what a din of yells

* Be careful.

went up! How the clubs went whizzing like giant hail! Surely in that frantic jam of madmen something besides the rabbit will be killed! One of those clubs would brain a man as surely as it would crack an egg-shell. But no! The huddle breaks, the yells die out, and the "madmen" are running back to their places, while one happy boy is tying a long gray something behind his saddle. No one is even limping. Not a shin has been cracked—much less a head. In all my long acquaintance with the Pueblos, I have never known of such a thing as one getting hurt even in the most furious *mêlée* of the rabbit-drive. Strangest of all, there is never any dispute about the game. They always know which one of that rain of clubs did the work—though *how* they know, is beyond my comprehension.

Yonder is another rush. The first club thrown breaks the jack's leg; and realizing his desperate situation, the poor creature dives into the basement door of his tiny brother, the cotton-tail—for the jack never burrows, and never trusts himself in a hole save at the last extremity. Our root-digger rushes forward, sticks his spade in the hole to mark it, and resumes his clubs. When the "surround" is over, he will come back to dig eight or ten feet for his sure victim.

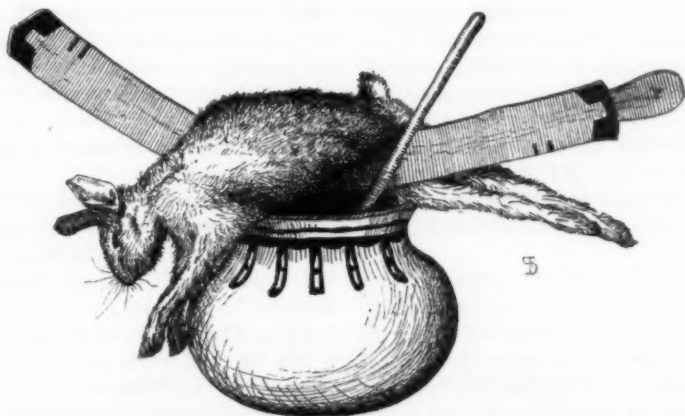
So the afternoon wears on. Each "surround"

takes a little over half an hour, and each now nets the hunters from ten to twenty rabbits—mostly jacks, with now and then a fuzzy cotton-tail. Once in a while a jack succeeds in slipping through the line, and is off like the wind. But after him are from one to twenty hunters; and when they come back, ten minutes or half an hour later, with foaming horses, it is strange, indeed, if the fugitive is not dangling at the back of one of them.

On the slope of the crater we strike a "bunch" of quail—the beautiful quail of the Southwest, with their slate-colored coats and dainty, fan-like crests—and not one escapes. I have seen the unerring club bring one down even from a flock on the wing!

The "surrounds" are now making eastward, and each one brings us nearer home. It has been a good day's work—thirty-five miles of hard riding, and fourteen "surrounds"; and on the cantle of every saddle bumps a big mass of gray fur.

The evening shadows grow deeper in the cañons of the far-off sandias, chasing the last ruddy glow up and up the scarred cliffs. And in the soft New Mexican twilight our long cavalcade goes ringing down the hard Rio Puerco road toward our quaint, green-rimmed village beside "the fierce river of the North."





BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MANY centuries ago,—as many as there are days in the month,—the great King sat beside the river Nile in Egypt, and watched the labor of a myriad slaves, building the mighty pile of his pyramid. And on his strong brown knee, playing with a coral rattle with golden bells, sat a little child, whom the great King loved because of its beauty and gentleness.

"What is that which they build there with so many big stones?" the child asked.

"It is my tomb," answered the King.

"What is a tomb?" asked the child again.

"When I have lived my life and am dead," said the King, "and my spirit has gone to meet Osiris, and be judged by him,—when that time comes, the embalmers will take my royal body, and cunningly embalm it, so that it can not perish, nor decay come near it. Then they will wrap it in many wrappings of fine linen steeped in perfumes, and seal it up in an emblazoned mummy-case, and they will bear it, in gorgeous procession, to yonder tomb. In the midst of the tomb there is a secret chamber, hidden from discovery by many a wise device; and in the chamber a sarcophagus, carven from a single stone."

"Will they put your body in the sarcophagus?" asked the child.

"Aye, they will lay it there," replied the King.

"What will they do then?" the child asked.

"Then," said the King, "they will seal up the tomb, and the door of the secret chamber will they close with a strong curtain of stone; and they will block up the passage leading to the chamber, and conceal the entrance to the passage, so that no man can find it. That will they do."

"But why will they do all this?" asked the child.

"Have I not already told you?" said the King. "It is done, that my body may not perish, but endure forever."

"Forever!" said the child. "How long is that?"

"Nay, that is an idle question," replied the King, smiling. "Who can tell how long? The High Priest is a wise man, but even he knows not. But see how strongly the pyramid is built, its sides lean together and uphold each other; its foundations are in the rock, it can not fall to ruins; when all other works of man have vanished from the earth, my pyramid and my tomb shall stand."

"But how long will it stand?" asked the child.

"Will it stand a thousand years?"

"A thousand years!" cried the King; "Aye! and more than a thousand!"

"Will it stand three thousand years?" said the child.

"It will stand three thousand years," the King answered proudly.

"Will it stand ten thousand years?"

"Ten thousand years?" repeated the King, thoughtfully. "That would be a weary time! Yet, I think it will last ten thousand years." But after he had said it, the great King sighed, and leaned his head upon his hand.

Still the child would not be satisfied. "Will it last a hundred thousand years?" it asked.

Then the King bent his brows in anger. "Question me no more!" he said. "What does a child know of time? You add centuries to centuries with a breath, and think, because a hundred

thousand years are quickly said, that they will pass as quickly. A hundred thousand years ago—so the High Priest says—this mighty earth, with its seas and lands and mountains, its trees and beasts and men,—all these were but as a vapor of the air, and as a sleeping man's dream of what may come to pass on the morrow. A hundred thousand years hence,—who dare look forward so far? To you, that are a foolish child, years are but a sound, and a fancy; but to men, who have lived, and striven, and hoped, and sorrowed, and suffered, years are harder than adamant, stronger than brass, heavier than gold, fatal as death. A hundred thousand years! Child, the face of Osiris himself shall be darkened before they be passed!"

Having thus spoken, the King arose and gave the child to its nurse, for his spirit was troubled. And the child also was troubled and wept; not at the King's words, for it understood them not; but because he had set his foot on the coral rattle with golden bells, and had crushed it to pieces.

The nurse took the child and carried it to the barge on the river Nile; and the boatmen took their oars to row across the river. But it happened that, in the middle of the river, the child slipped from the nurse's arms and fell into the river; and the current caught it, and it was drowned. It seemed to the child that it fell asleep; but immediately it was awake again; and opening its eyes, behold! it was in a world glorious with life and beauty, and sweet with music and happiness and love.

"Yes, this is Heaven," said the child to itself; and with that it sprang up and went to seek its little sister, who had gone to Heaven a little while before.

Soon the child found its sister, where she lay sleeping under the shadow of a plane-tree. So, remembering that she had been most fond of a

certain blue flower, with a golden heart and a slender stalk, the child gathered a handful of these flowers and placed them beside her, where she would see them when she awoke.

Then the perfume of the flowers aroused the sleeping sister and she opened her eyes; and when she saw the flowers, and her brother beside her, she gave a cry of joy; and they kissed each other.

An angel came up to them, and smiled upon them, and said, "Come with me, and look upon the place of the pyramid of the great King."

They went with him, putting their hands in his. And he brought them to an opening in Heaven, below which lay the earth and the place of the pyramid, and said, "Look!"

They looked through the opening, and saw the river Nile, and the bank beside the river, where the pyramid of the King was built. But the pyramid was no longer there. There was only a level tract of sand, and a lizard lying dead upon it.

"Where is the pyramid?" asked the child.

"It has perished," replied the angel.

"How can it have perished so soon?" asked the child. "I was there in the morning, and sat on the King's knee, and saw the men building. And the King said it would last ten thousand years."

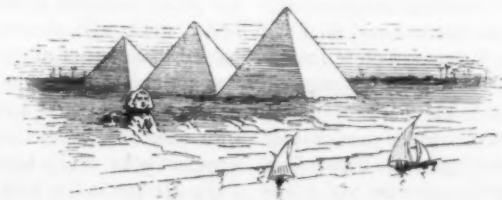
"And if he did," said the angel, "are not the ten thousand years past, and a hundred thousand years added unto them?"

"While I have been gathering these flowers?" cried the child. "Then, what are years?"

"Years are pain," replied the angel, "but love is eternity."

The child looked in the angel's face. "I know you now," he said; "you are the King."

But the angel folded the two children in his arms; and there were tears on his face, even in Heaven.



THE POET OF THE HEMPSTEAD CENTENNIAL.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I.



OVER the stable there was a small room which was intended for a coachman. But as Mr. Craig could not afford to keep a coachman, Henry, his son, took possession of the room and fitted it up for a study. He papered the walls from the floor to the ceiling with pictures from the illustrated weeklies, and sat by the hour staring at them, making out the most astonishing stories. He knew of no more delightful occupation than puzzling out the connection between scenes and subjects which, by pure accident, had been put side by side, and tracing a coherent story, suggested by the pictures. Thus, for instance, there was a wood-cut entitled, "Shine, sir?" representing a boot-black hailing a customer. Henry, for the sake of convenience, named him Tom Pratt, and began to wonder what were the later events of his career. Presently he discovered a figure in which he recognized a resemblance to Tom Pratt. It was in a picture entitled, "A Scene in the Police Court"—evidently the gentleman whose boots Tom had blacked had accused him of picking his pocket. Tom bravely affirmed his innocence; but the Judge, taking the gentleman's word in preference to Tom's, sentenced him to three months on the Island. In the right-hand upper corner of the wall was a picture of an arrest, and Henry had no difficulty in convincing himself that now, at last, the real thief had been found; and after his confession to the Inspector, Tom is released. A large full-page cut representing a "Monmouth Park Handicap Race" gave the desired clue to the next chapter. For there Henry found again his friend Tom and Mr. Jenks, the gentleman who had falsely

accused him. Mr. Jenks, stung by his conscience, offered to educate Tom, in order to compensate him for the wrong he had done him. Scene fourth, which is entitled, "Cleared for Action," represents the moment before the command is given to fire, on board a man-of-war. There Henry hails with joy the adventurous Tom, who has now become a naval cadet and is about to distinguish himself in battle. The fifth chapter, which is taken from the London "Graphic," exhibits Tom in the act of being presented in a gorgeous uniform to the Czar of Russia. He is now an officer, and naturally has changed very much. You would find it hard to recognize in this handsome young fellow, with a mustache and shoulder-straps of gold braid, the ragged boot-black of Mulberry Street.

But Henry, somehow, never fails to recognize him. He sits hour after hour, following him with breathless interest, from adventure to adventure, until finally "A Decoration Day Parade" becomes the culmination of Tom's career. For, to Henry's fancy, it represents a parade in his hero's honor, when, covered with glory and noble scars, he returns to his native country and is met by the mayor and aldermen of the city, with speeches and brass bands and military pomp.

It was this kind of story Henry loved to compose; and the same pictures often furnished him with incidents for the most different plots. The "Scene in the Police Court" played an important part in the careers of no end of heroes, and there was not a ragged and disreputable scamp in the whole shabby crowd whose life Henry did not puzzle out, even to its minutest details. He had a warm and charitable heart, and kindly helped them out of all their difficulties. There was not one of them who would not have been a gainer if he could have stepped out of his own wretched, vicious life into the happy and prosperous lot which Henry provided for him.

In Hempstead, a little New England village

where Henry Craig lived, nothing of any consequence ever happened; at least so it seemed to Henry. It had once been a flourishing town, and some of the men most distinguished in our colonial and revolutionary history had hailed from it. But now most of the people were poor, and the town had shrunk to less than half its former size. All the young people seemed to think that Hempstead was a good place to be born in; but they always liked it best after they had gone away. The country about the town was largely settled with Irish and Scotch peasants, who managed to make a living out of the farms upon which their Yankee predecessors had barely staved off starvation. Henry's father, after having struggled vainly to make both ends meet, had in disgust sold his homestead of one hundred and eighty acres for about one-half of what the buildings alone were worth; and now the Irishman who had bought the farm was not only supporting a large and cheerfully ragged family upon it, but was laying up money. And the secret of this Mr. Craig soon discovered. The Hibernian let his children go half naked in summer; he bought no books, read no newspapers, employed no servants; and altogether he had reduced his needs below the level of even humble living according to the American standard.

Mr. Craig had many a time regretted that he had parted with his ancestral acres. For the grocery business which he was conducting in town turned out to be in no wise so profitable as he had expected, and it was, moreover, confining, detrimental to his health. He had been ambitious to provide his sons with an education

which would enable them to rise in life, and it was with a heavy heart that he finally bade farewell to this cherished dream. Frank, the eldest, who, in the father's judgment, was the cleverest of the three, was sent to a neighboring town, where he obtained a position as clerk in a dry-goods



"HE PAPERED THE WALLS WITH PICTURES, AND SAT BY THE HOUR STARING AT THEM, MAKING OUT THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES."

store. Anthony, who also was a promising lad, helped Mr. Craig in his own business, and Henry, the youngest, had for a while superintended a news-stand, on which he had managed to lose three or four dollars every month. Naturally his father came to distrust his business ability, when Henry repeated this experiment for six months in succession. And when, finally, the news-stand was abolished, Henry found rich compensation for his loss, in the stock of illustrated

papers which were left on his hands and the amusement which they afforded him. No end of jibes he had to endure in consequence of his disastrous business venture, but he bore them all with patience. He gradually became reconciled to the thought that he would never make much of a success in business; but, somehow, it gave him no great uneasiness. A trifle shy he was in his intercourse with other boys and a little over-sensitive. That which interested him above all things he dared not confide to any one; for he knew that it would afford a fine subject for ridicule. Secretly he stole up to his "study" every afternoon and regaled himself with the imaginary events which befell his imaginary heroes.

II.

WHEN Henry was fourteen years old, his father concluded that it was time for him to learn a trade whereby he might make his living. But all the trades which he proposed seemed equally uninviting to the boy. He had lived so long in a wonderland of his own, that all the careers which actual life presented to a boy in his position seemed poor and paltry by comparison. A choice he had to make, however,—there was no help for it,—and he chose the trade of a printer, chiefly because it was in some way associated with the illustrated papers from which he had derived so much happiness. Perhaps an opportunity would be afforded him to continue his excursions into wonderland. Every newspaper had an exchange list, and perhaps he might contrive to see the exchanges now and then, in the absence of the editor. At all events, a printer Henry Craig resolved to be, though in the dim future he saw himself crowned with fame and honor, received with brass bands, and speaking from platforms to vast crowds of people. That he was to be something great—he had no idea what—was a foregone conclusion, and that his apprenticeship as a printer was to be merely the lowest rung in the ladder of fame which he meant to mount, seemed also quite probable. It was this vision of future glory which made him endure the long and tedious apprenticeship in the office of the "Hempstead Bugle," where he set type day after day and night after night, until his finger-tips were numb and his back ached. However,

Mr. Martin, the editor, was a good-natured man, who willingly lent him books and occasionally spoke an encouraging word to him. But when Henry, emboldened by this kindness, offered one of his poems for the paper, the editor quite changed his tune.

"Look here, young man," he said, "you are getting too smart. Your business, as I understand it, is to set type, not to furnish copy."

"This stuff here," he continued scornfully, after having read the poem, "is the veriest drivel. And then you rhyme *room* with *fume*! If you don't know better than that, you had better let rhyming alone and stick to type-setting."

Henry felt terribly humiliated by this reprimand, and tried to accept Mr. Martin's advice "to let rhyming alone." But somehow he found that a more difficult task than he had thought it. The rhymes *would* come into his head, however much he might try to banish them; and though he did not flatter himself that they were poetry, he did take pleasure in them, and vaguely imagine that perhaps they might point the way for him to the glory of which he dreamed.

It happened during the third year of Henry's apprenticeship, when he was seventeen years old, that great preparations were made for the celebration of the second centennial of the settlement of Hempstead. A prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best poem on the occasion, and the competition was thrown open to all "poets who were natives of Hempstead, or descended from Hempstead families." The worthy selectmen who placed this restriction upon the competition had probably no very clear idea of what they were doing. It seemed desirable to them to encourage home talent, and they considered themselves excessively liberal in admitting the compositions of non-resident poets "descended from Hempstead families."

When Henry Craig saw this alluring announcement in the "Bugle,"—he had, in fact, himself set it up, but the full meaning of it had not dawned upon him until now,—his heart was fired with a wild ambition. What if he wrote the poem and won the one hundred dollars? It was not so much the money which he cared for,—though that, to be sure, was an additional inducement,—as the triumph over Mr. Martin who had sneered at

his poetic aspirations. It was not once, but many times, since he presented that unfortunate poem, that the editor had addressed him as "the mute, inglorious Milton," "the village Shakspeare," etc., and asked him sarcastically how his muse was thriving. Now Henry's opportunity had come to prove that his talent was genuine, and he meant to make the best of it. Eagerly he began to delve into the history of the settlement and the early days of the town; and much interesting material did he unearth. He stood at his case, setting type automatically, but scarcely knowing what he was doing. Sonorous lines hummed in his brain, and surreptitiously he jotted them down upon pieces of paper. It was on such an occasion that he was responsible for a misprint which caused no end of amusement in the town. In an excerpt from a letter recording the travels of a local statesman whose pretensions were all out of proportion to his merit, he printed, "On April 6th, at 2 P. M., the Senator reached the summit of the Asinine," instead of "the summit of the Apennines."

He barely escaped discharge in consequence of this blunder, and he surely would not have escaped if Mr. Martin had known he had been composing poetry during his working hours.

III.

HENRY finished his Hempstead Centennial Ode in good time and sent it to the judges signed with the *nom de plume*, "Bunker Hill." Four weeks of feverish anxiety followed, during which he found it difficult to apply himself to his work. He had moments of the wildest exhilaration, when he sang to himself and scarcely could keep from dancing; and there were hours of unrest and depression during which he seemed to himself a presumptuous fool who would be sure, sooner or later, to be covered with ridicule. Probably some of the greatest men of New England were trying for that one hundred dollars; and what chance would a half-educated boy have in competing with them? When he thought of Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, and the idea of his presuming to have his callow rhymes compared with their mature and noble verse, his ears burned uncomfortably. But then, of course, he did not know that they

were among the competitors. He ardently hoped that they had in this instance resisted the temptation of the hundred dollars.

The fateful evening arrived at last. The selectmen, the judges, and as many of the citizens as could crowd in, were assembled in the large town-hall. It was understood that a number of unsuspected poets who, from regard for the public weal, had practiced their art in secret, were sitting with palpitating hearts in that audience, distracted by hope and fear. There was a rumor, too, that some literary celebrity had sent in an ode, but that his claim to descent from a Hempstead family would not bear examination. Some one who professed to know declared, too, that his ode would have had no chance anyway, as it did not mention a single Hempstead family by name. And, as every one knew, the intention was not only to celebrate the founders of the town, but also to reflect some little glory upon their descendants of to-day, who had spent their lives wearing holes in their honorable names.

Henry had been on hand early; but, from modesty, had taken a seat in the middle aisle, not far from the door. The five judges — three clergymen, a doctor, and a lawyer — came marching up the aisle, two by two, with the odd lawyer bringing up the rear. Henry gazed into their faces with earnest scrutiny, but could discover nothing which warranted him in entertaining any hope. They looked absolutely non-committal. Very likely they had given the prize, without knowing it, to Longfellow or Lowell; for with the fictitious names there was no possibility of knowing whom they had favored.

Henry gave himself up to despair. He felt so unutterably small and foolish. It was well nobody knew that he had tried for the prize. The eldest clergyman came forward and invoked the Divine blessing upon the assembly.

Then a glee club, from a neighboring college, mounted the platform and sang a patriotic song, which was enthusiastically encored. The eight collegians, who in the meanwhile had descended into the audience, were obliged to reassemble, and sang now:

"Said the bull-frog to the owl,
Oh, what 'll you have to drink?"

which aroused even greater enthusiasm. When at last quiet was restored, the chairman of the

committee, a Baptist minister, came forward and made an endless speech concerning the significance of the occasion, the difficulties with which the committee had to contend, etc. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of saying in twenty words what might be said in two;

necks, others tossed about uneasily in their seats and tried to look unconcerned.

"I hold in my hand," began the chairman, "an—an envelope."

Nobody had been prepared for so startling an announcement. A few snickered; some laughed



"ALL THE PEOPLE TURNED ABOUT TO LOOK AT HIM."

and when he had finished Henry was so exhausted that it seemed a matter of slight consequence to him who had won the prize. His interest revived quickly, however, when the speaker turned to the legal member of the committee and received from him a sealed envelope. Excited expectation was expressed in every countenance. Some rose up and craned their

outright. Henry heaved a deep sigh, merely to give vent to his agitation.

"This envelope," the chairman continued, impressively, "contains the name of the successful competitor—the author of the ode which will be read at the centennial celebration—a week hence. The committee does not as yet know his, or her, real name. The name—the

alias, if I may so express myself — which he has used is — ‘Bunker Hill.’”

The name exploded in Henry's ears like the report of a gun. The walls whirled about him. The audience swam in a luminous mist. The floor billowed under his feet. He clung on to the bench in front of him with all his might, so as to make sure that he was yet on the solid earth.

“The gentleman — the lady — or I should say — the poet signing himself ‘Bunker Hill,’” the minister went on, after having broken the seal of the envelope, “is — is — that is to say —” he hemmed and hawed as if he had difficulty in pronouncing the name, “is a gentleman — named — Henry Craig.”

A strange hush fell upon the audience. Some people thought there must be a mistake. Henry Craig — nobody in the town knew any prominent person of that name. Very likely it must be a stranger. Nobody thought of the seventeen-year-old boy who was setting type in the “Bugle” office.

“If Mr. Henry Craig is present in this audience,” the reverend gentleman proceeded, “will he kindly step up on this platform and receive his reward?”

Then, far back in the hall, a tall and slender lad rose with a face pale with excitement. He ran his hand nervously through his hair, pulled himself together, and walked up the aisle. All the people turned about to look at him. When he had passed half a dozen benches, he felt a pair of eyes keenly riveted upon him. He looked up and met Mr. Martin's wondering gaze. Surprise, pleasure, and also a shadow of doubt were

written all over the editor's features. But when he had convinced himself that there was, indeed, no mistake, up he sprang, waved his hat and cried, “Three cheers for Henry Craig!”

And the audience rose as one man and shouted “Hurrah!” so that the windows of the old town-hall rattled and the walls shook.

Henry never knew how he reached that platform, received the hundred-dollar bill in an envelope, and made his way back to his seat. His heart was thumping away like a trip-hammer, his blood was throbbing in his temples, and there was a mist in his eyes which made all things dim. He remembered that the people were thronging about him, congratulating him, pressing his hands, and a matronly lady kissed him and said: “What a pity, my boy, that your mother did not live to see this day.”

IV.

THIS was the beginning, but it was by no means the end, of Henry Craig's career. In fact, his career is yet at its meridian, and his thousands of readers hope he has yet many years of honorable usefulness before him.

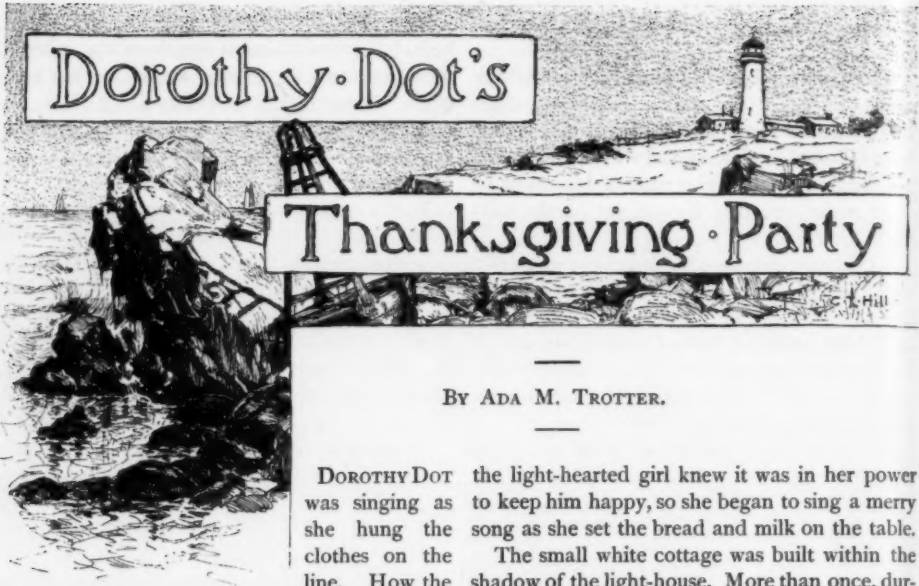
When he had read his ode at the Hempstead Centennial, a number of the wealthier citizens became convinced that a boy who could write so fine a poem at seventeen would, if he was properly educated, in time become an honor to his native town and State. They therefore clubbed together, sent Henry to school, and later to Harvard College. He has now won a fair fame, and is one of the most promising of the younger poets and novelists of the United States.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

BY M. E. WILKINS.

SINGLE-EYED to child and sunbeam,
In her little grass-green gown,
Prim and sweet and fair as ever,
Blue-eyed Mary's come to town.

Yes, you may, child, go to see her,
You can stay and play an hour;
But be sweet and good and gentle;
Blue-eyed Mary is a flower.



Dorothy·Dot's

Thanksgiving·Party

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

DOROTHY DOT was singing as she hung the clothes on the line. How the wild things tossed and flickered in the light breeze! Dorothy had to laugh at the tangle they made of themselves, as she went busily on with her work. And a pretty picture was she with her golden curls shining in the early morning sunbeams, and her serene, bright face.

"Dorothy Dot, I'm awful lonesome!" cried a voice hidden, half-smothered, in the empty clothes-basket; and a small boy clambered out of the basket and peeped between the sheets blowing in the wind.

"Come to breakfast then, good little man," cried Dorothy, whisking up the basket as she started on a run to the cottage, followed closely by her little brother, Billy.

Mr. Protheroe, the father of these children, had charge of the light-house on Crab Island. He was a faithful, true man, respected by all who knew him. As for his wife, sweet woman, serenely happy in her isolated home, she seldom visited the mainland. To-day, however, repairs needed in the bell-buoy, had taken Mr. Protheroe to the town on the coast, and his wife had accompanied him, to make some purchases of warm clothing for the children.

Dorothy had risen to see her parents off at four o'clock; and it was now only six, and here was Billy lonesome already for his mother. But

the light-hearted girl knew it was in her power to keep him happy, so she began to sing a merry song as she set the bread and milk on the table.

The small white cottage was built within the shadow of the light-house. More than once, during some unusually fierce storm, the family had been obliged to take refuge in the stronger building, fearing that the cottage might be swept away. Behind the light-house, on the southern side of the island, was a strip of herbage, green enough to satisfy "old Molly," the complacent cow, tethered to a post in the center. On either side rocks stretched away to the sea. The straggling shape of the island broke the force of the waves ere they reached the beach on the mainland, so that it was seldom difficult to navigate the waters of the bay.

The breakfast was evidently much enjoyed, for peals of laughter rippled on the breeze. When it was over and the work in the cottage done, Dorothy called Billy and went out into the sunshine.

What a lovely day! Certainly Indian Summer at last. The light fall of snow of a week before had disappeared, and the sun was warm.

Oh, how happy she felt in this gay sunshine! No wonder that her voice rang out in merry snatches of song. Suddenly some of the brightness faded from her face and a thoughtful look stole there with somewhat of a shadow. Yes, there was one hitherto unrealized dream of bliss in Dorothy's heart. She did so want to have a "Thanksgiving Party." Mother told such lovely

stories of parties at the old homestead in Vermont, that, had a fairy godmother appeared to Dorothy to ask what gift she most desired in the world, the answer would have come at once, "Oh, how I should like a Thanksgiving party, with real live people, lots and lots of children, and games and stories by the firelight!" She had lived all the fifteen years of her life on the lonely island.

"Dorothy Dot! see how low the tide is. The 'Old Crab' is out of water."

Now the "Old Crab" was a dangerous rock, only bare at exceptionally low tides, and it was bare that day. There he lay with the one claw upraised, the clutch of which had often proved disastrous to vessels before the Government had placed near it a bell-buoy, to ring unceasing notes of warning at the ebb and flow of the tide.

"Let us go down to the buoy and look for sea-mosses," cried Dorothy, as she realized that the great rock was out of water.

The two children climbed actively over the rocks. Soon they stood upon the "Old Crab's" back, and even danced up and down on his massive head.

"It is a dangerous rock!" cried Dorothy, seriously, as she looked over the jagged edge. Then, climbing up the claw to the broken bell-buoy, she continued, "But all the pilots know of the 'Crab.' Surely they will avoid it even though the buoy is broken."

"They can't see it in the dark," cried practical Billy, as he floated a stranded star-fish in a pool in the rocks.

"But there will be moonlight to-night; they can see the rock quite well. Still I do wish the bell would swing." Then she was hidden behind the huge claw, and Billy knew she was reaching to the buoy for the sea-mosses which clung to its sides. Presently she touched the bell and made it ring. How loud its voice sounded in the stillness!

Dorothy clambered back to her brother's side, and, setting the bucket in the pool, began to show him the mosses she had gathered.

"It's Thanksgiving-to-morrow," said Billy, irrelevantly. "Are n't we going to have chicken-pie, Dorothy Dot?"

"Of course we are," assented she; "and we'll pretend we have a party,—shall we, Billy?"

Billy was of a social turn of mind, so he nodded. "I want a boy to play with," he said. Neither of the children went often to the mainland, and of course few visitors ever came to the rocky island.

When dinner-time came, the children ran back to the cottage, and Dorothy hastened to set the table.

But, by the time the meal was finished, the dazzling blue of the sea had changed to gray. "White horses" rode the riotous waves, leaping in on the Crab's back, and over the claw, breaking into foam that was blown over the green by the wild wind. Overhead, dense cloud-banks rose from the horizon to the zenith, and obscured the sun; then, drifting on, they were swept windward until the sky was covered. Sea-gulls, beating against the stiff breeze, flew inland, making dismal outcry as they hovered over the lighthouse, or sought shelter among the rocky ledges below.

"I don't like this," said Dorothy Dot, as she went to the door and glanced anxiously round. Then, as no warning note rang from the bell-buoy, she scanned the seas for a sail.

"Oh, I hope no ship will come along to-night," she exclaimed.

"Dorothy, how can Mother get home?"

"Oh," she replied, serenely, "Father will bring her safely. You know the bay will not be rough, as the ocean is."

It grew cold as the warm sun of Indian Summer was hidden by the clouds. Dorothy went into the cottage, and an hour flew fast as she began to mount the sea-mosses. Still she was conscious all the time of the rising wind and sea. At length she threw a shawl over her head and went out. Billy watched her fighting the wind as she ran up to the steps of the lighthouse. Then he saw her look anxiously out to sea, and he was sure something was wrong when she came running back to the cottage.

"Billy, darling Billy, will you stay here?" she cried.

Billy jumped from his chair, suspiciously.

"Not without you, Dorothy Dot. I should be lonesome. I'm going with you, Dorothy Dot."

And together they ran down to the one small sand-beach.

"Oh, Dorothy Dot!" and "Oh, Billy!" exclaimed the brother and sister, shocked at the sight before them.

For the huge claw of the stony monster had once more done deadly work! The leaping waves had hid the danger, and the deep seas surrounding the Crab had deceived the pilot, now the warning voice of the bell was mute. A ship riding on a rising wave had struck, and, with

"And a baby! There's a baby in her arms," cried Billy. "And there's a boy just my size there, too."

The boats one after another were lowered and broken to pieces by the jagged rocks. Dorothy looked around almost frantic, wondering what she could do to help them. Her father would have rowed out to the wreck, but—could *she*, all alone? She saw Billy's eager eye glance toward



"AS IT ROSE ON THE NEXT WAVE, THE SAILOR MANAGED TO CLIMB IN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

her rudder gone, was helplessly beating shoreward among the jagged rocks.

"Oh, if Father was only here," cried Dorothy, in despair. "They are going to launch the boats, and the current there will carry them on the rocks as soon as they reach the water. Oh! oh!"

Not only were Dorothy's fears verified by the loss of the boat launched, but at this moment the ship, plunging wildly, struck again on the claw, and was jammed between the head and neck of the monster Crab, and for a moment was still.

"Now's the time," shouted Dorothy, waving her arms wildly to attract the attention of the crew. "Oh, I see a woman on board!"

the boat, high on the beach. With his help she could push it down to the water's edge, and perhaps Father would soon be home, and then—

By this time her thoughts had become actions. Billy was helping her with the boat.

"I'm going with you, Dorothy Dot," said he.

The boat was now ready to be launched. The children stood on the beach, however, waiting to see what they could possibly do to help the people in the wrecked ship. Dorothy knew quite well that she dared not venture near the currents which swept round the Old Crab.

Just then a sailor appeared on the bulwarks. He had a rope tied round his waist, and it was evident that he meant to swim ashore. The chil-

dren watched him breathlessly for a moment, and then they looked at one another as the same thought flashed through their minds. For it was quite plain, now, what they must do, and Dorothy pushed at the boat with all her strength as the man's head came above the waves after his plunge from the ship. He was a magnificent swimmer, she could see, but it was a long distance to the shore, and the water was very cold at this season. If only she could reach him before he became exhausted, fighting with the waves!

Billy came splashing into the shallow water, but his sister was too quick for him; she pushed off, leaving the little fellow dancing with rage on the beach.

"For Billy will be safe, if I don't get back," Dorothy was saying to herself as she rowed toward the sailor. "Father would wish me to do this, I know, as he can not come himself."

She had seen her father risk his life in the performance of his duty too often to doubt that he would have her also do so. She was not afraid. True, she had never taken the boat out alone, in such a sea as this, but then she knew every rock on the reef—knew, too, where she would escape the roughest part of the tide, and how best to meet the breakers that unceasingly beat against this rock-bound coast. Besides this, she was as much at home in a boat as ashore, and her father had trained her to row a steady stroke. Her chief difficulty lay in the fact that she could barely see, over the tossing, swirling waves, whether she was steering straight toward the sailor, who made his way on by diving through some of the breakers, and thus was frequently lost to view. Her boat was less manageable, too, than it would have been with some one astern to keep the balance true. But if she did not see the sailor, he was quick to see her, as he came up on a wave, and the people on board the ship cheered as he struck out more vigorously than ever in the direction of the boat.

Dorothy in the boat and the sailor in the water together held the lives of the crew in their hands. But at the present moment all the girl's anxiety was merged in the fear that the man's strength would give out before she reached him; and he was only afraid that she, a mere child, would lose command of the boat as it came further out into the heavier breakers.

VOL. XVII.—4.

The people clinging to the wreck, who included the captain's wife and children, in addition to the crew, watched the boat as it tossed up and down, with agonized expectation. Could it live in such a sea?

Dorothy gave a cry of joy as she saw two brown hands suddenly clutch the stern of the boat; and as it rose on the next wave the sailor managed to climb in. He was very much exhausted, for the water was bitterly cold, and had not the boat been opportunely driven near to him, he must soon have given up all hope of reaching shore alive.

Dorothy steered for the little sand-beach, where poor Billy was still rushing up and down in excitement. The waves helped her now, though in extremely rough fashion. Presently the sailor, recovering his breath, took one oar, and in a short time the boat was beached.

"God bless you, little girl!" cried the man, as he ran up to the rocks with his rope, which he pulled tight and fastened securely. Upon it another sailor crossed, hand over hand, bearing a slighter rope which was fastened to a basket on the wreck. In this basket two of the captain's children were securely tied, and by means of a block and tackle were carried over on the large rope in safety.

Would there still be time to save the mother and baby? The sailors looked doubtfully at the huge waves, which reared their mighty crests high above the claw, and broke over it upon the deck of the vessel. If those waves should lift the ship from the rock and set her adrift again, all on board must be lost.

Dorothy thought she would never forget those anxious minutes while the woman was being brought off in the basket. It seemed as if the waves, jealous of losing their prey, strove fiercely to outleap one another as they surged and foamed angrily round the basket.

"Oh, she must be drowned, after all," cried Dorothy. "Can't we do anything better than this?"

The men did not answer. Their steady, strong arms held the rope and they were drawing the basket nearer and nearer.

A few more minutes of suspense, then a cheer rose from the wreck; the sailors ashore had hold of the basket. Dorothy unclasped her hands to

receive a tiny baby muffled up in wraps. She sat down on the beach to peep at it.

"It is alive!" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, I was afraid it would be drowned."

"And the mother 's alive too, but wet to the skin. I 'd take 'em in to the fire, if I was you," said the sailor.

But the captain's wife, regardless of her wet garments, would not leave the beach until she could see her husband safe at her side.

The crew did not wait to be carried in the basket; they clambered along on the rope, and at last only the captain was left on the wreck.

He seemed to be hunting for something on the decks, but finally appeared on the bulwarks with a bundle tied upon his breast.

The delay almost cost him his life, for when he was half-way across, the rope parted, as a huge billow, lifting the wreck, set it adrift among the rocks, at the will of the waves. The sailors manned the boat, and pulled toward their captain with a will. As he was a strong swimmer, he managed to keep up until they arrived to help him. His poor wife watched and prayed by turns, almost beside herself with anxiety.

When at length he stood safely at her side, he opened the bundle on his breast. Out flew the ship's cat, more than indignant at the soaking to which she had been subjected, and ungratefully scratched her kind friend as she wildly sprang out of his arms, and rushed away with tail held high in air.

As Dorothy led the way to the cottage, she explained that the absence of her father was the reason she had taken the boat out alone.

It was growing dark. The captain pointed to the light-house.

"Give us the keys, daughter. We 'll take care of the lamp for him."

"Oh, Father will be back," she replied, tranquilly. "He has had to go a long way round to avoid the currents, or he would have been here long ago."

The captain and sailors glanced sadly at one another; they feared the little maid's father

would never be able to reach the island alive, in so terrible a sea.

But five minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Protheroe came in. Dorothy never knew the deadly peril in which her parents had been during that half hour.

Little need to tell of the cordial welcome they gave their unexpected guests, or of their joy when they found their brave Dorothy had done her duty so well. When her father put his hand on her head, and said, "You did well, my Dot. God bless you!" she felt happy and, gay as a lark, she went singing about her work. All the praises and thanks of the guests seemed worth nothing in comparison with such rare words from her reticent father. Billy too was in a gay mood; he was busy interviewing the captain's little boy, but his powers of expression were a little modified, as he had screamed himself as hoarse as a heron in the afternoon.

The gale increased in fury during the night, and raged throughout Thanksgiving Day. No one could get to the mainland, so Dorothy's desire for a "real live party" was amply fulfilled. After dinner the old folks played games with the children, and the captain played Billy's mouth-organ so musically that the sailors danced in their very best manner. Once or twice Dorothy pinched herself to make sure all this was really happening: that it was not a dream, nor one of mother's lovely stories of the olden days at the homestead.

But lo! The solemn voice of the Storm Spirit rang from the ocean. The winds howled; the waves broke into cataracts of foam over the "Old Crab's" hideous claw, and roared sullenly amid the rocky clefts in the gullies.

Yet, indoors there was the true Thanksgiving spirit of cheer. Dorothy Dot, as night drew on, sat at her father's feet, the flames from the drift-wood fire flashing on her golden curls, her rosy cheeks glowing with excitement. And as the sailors began to spin their wonderful yarns, she gave a sigh of perfect contentment.

Happy "Dorothy Dot!"

A STORY OF A HORSE.

BY CAPTAIN C. A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

I.

I MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

I WAS acting-quartermaster of a command composed of two companies, which garrisoned a log fort near Prescott, Arizona, during the years 1864 and 1865. The fort was an inclosure of some three hundred feet square, built of thick pine-logs set up vertically in the ground, with regular block-house bastions, of the colonial period, at diagonal corners; and it had huge gates of hewn timber that swung ponderously on triple iron hinges. The fort stood on a slight elevation overlooking the post corral, a structure built of the same material and in the same general manner as the fort, but inclosing a much larger space. In this corral were gathered nightly the horses of the cavalry troop, the horses and mules of the quartermaster, and the three hundred head of cattle and one thousand sheep of the commissary.

The presence of these animals grazing through the days on the hill-sides and plains about our reservation was a special and alluring temptation to the marauding Apaches and Navajos, and frequent chases and skirmishes were necessary in order to protect our stock.

The garrison consisted of one company of regular infantry and one troop of New Mexican volunteer cavalry. The men composing the troop were, with a few exceptions, Mexicans, speaking the Spanish language, and using tactics translated into that tongue.

The troop had arrived in January, after a long and fatiguing march of seven hundred miles, and two days after their arrival their captain had turned over to me sixteen worn-out, broken-down, sick, and generally decrepit horses. According to custom in such cases, I receipted for them, and in due time ordered them sold at public auction to the highest bidder.

On the morning of the day appointed for the

sale to take place, the fifer of the infantry company, a neat Irish soldier, known among his comrades as Joe Cain, who acted as my attendant and a general guardian of my belongings, paused in the doorway, and, raising his right hand to his cap-visor, asked if he "could spake t' the Liftinent?" As I nodded, he asked:

"Would the Liftinent like to buy a fine horse?"

"No, Cain. I have no use for two horses, and I can not afford the expense of another."

"But you can buy this one for little or nothing, sor."

"How much?"

"If the Liftinent will let me have five dollars, I 'll buy him the bist horse in the post."

"The best horse in the post for five dollars! What kind of nonsense are you talking, Cain?" and I turned to some papers on my table which demanded my signature. But Cain lingered in the doorway at a respectful "attention," and when I signed the last paper his hand went up again to his visor and remained there until I said:

"Well, what more have you to say?"

"If the Liftinent will buy the horse I spake of, he will niver repint of his bargain. I 've known the baste for tin years, sor,—from the time I jined as a music b'y at Fort Craig, sor."

"He must be an exceedingly old horse, then," I said.

"Nobody knows his age, sor; he 's a vit-eran; but he 's a fine horse, all the same, sor."

"But I do not need another horse for my duties, Cain, as I told you just now; and I should have to buy his hay and grain, and that is an expense I do not care to be put to, with no prospect of a profitable return."

"There nade be no expinse, sor. There is a sorplus of forage in the corral, and the forage-master 'll let me have all I 'm wantin' if the Liftinent will jist give him the laste bit of a hint."

More to please a valued and trustworthy attendant than with any hope of securing a good

horse, I gave Cain the desired five dollars. I learned, in further conversation, that the wonderful steed he proposed to buy for me was one of the lot to be sold at auction.

I did not attend the sale of the sixteen horses. I simply noticed that the Government money account had increased seventy-five dollars by the auction, showing plainly enough that the value of the whole number was a little less than five dollars each. A whole month had passed, and I had entirely forgotten that I had given Cain the five dollars for the purchase of a horse, when one day, as I again sat writing in my room, I heard the rapid clatter of hoofs approaching, and presently noticed that a horse had stopped outside. I stepped to the door and found Joe Cain awaiting my arrival, holding by the halter-strap a fine, large bay horse, in good flesh, smooth as satin, and bright-eyed as a colt. "Will the Liftinent plaze to come out and inspict his horse?" said Cain; and then he led him about on exhibition. I was pleased to find that the horse, while in no wise remarkable, showed many good points. In fact, the animal was a great surprise to me. I sat down on a log which had been rejected in the building of the fort, and looked long at the metamorphosed creature before I spoke.

"So that is the horse you bought for five dollars, is it, Cain?" I began.

"Four dollars and forty cints, sor. I bought the halter with the sixty cints that was lift, sor."

"But I don't see how such a horse could be had for that money. And this is really one of those miserable hacks we sold at auction?"

"Not a bit else, sor," said the delighted Cain, his face in a glow from the pleasure he was deriving from my wonderment and evident approval of the result of his venture.

"Has he a name?" I asked.

"'Two-Bits,' sor."

"'Two-Bits'—twenty-five cents!—how did he get that name, Cain?"

"He won it at Fort Craig, sor, in a race in '59."

In answer to further questions and after some irrelevant talk, Cain, having tied the horse to a tree, walked slowly backward and forward before me, and proceeded to give the history of the horse so far as he knew it, and his reasons

for asking me to make the purchase. When he went into the corral one day, he said, he saw one of the stable-men kicking and beating an old steed to make him rise to his feet. The animal made repeated efforts to stand, but each time fell back through weakness. Cain approached, and, by certain saddle-marks and a peculiar star in the forehead, recognized an old acquaintance. He even insisted that the old horse knew him. From some knowledge of horses, picked up in a stable during a wandering life before he enlisted, the soldier perceived, after a careful examination, that the horse was not permanently disabled, but simply suffering from ill-treatment and neglect. He began his care of the beast at once, and as soon as the auction was ordered, he determined to ask me to buy him.

The first knowledge Cain had of Two-Bits, was that the horse belonged to the Mounted Rifles and was with them at Fort Craig in New Mexico, in 1859. On Fourth of July of that year, the officers of the fort and the civilians of the neighboring ranches got up a horse-race by way of celebrating the day. The races were to be, one for American horses, over an eight-hundred-yards straightaway course, and one for broncos, over a course of three hundred yards. On the day before the race, the first sergeant of the Rifles waited upon a lieutenant of the regiment and requested him to enter a "company horse,"—one which had been assigned as a mount to one of their number. The request was granted. All the horses were to be ridden by soldiers.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth the horses were assembled at the course to the west of the fort, Two-Bits being present and mounted by the boy-fifer, Joe Cain, of the infantry. The officers walked around the "company horse" with considerable curiosity, commenting on his appearance, and wondering how, if he possessed any merits, he had escaped their notice up to this time. Captain Tilford seemed to express the general sentiment of the officers, at the conclusion of the inspection, when he said, "I would not give two bits for that horse's chance of winning the prize."

The race came off, and the carefully groomed and gayly caparisoned horses of the officers and

civilians, and the plainly equipped favorite of the soldiers burst down the track in line, to arrive scattered and blown at the goal, with the despised "company horse" some three lengths ahead. And from that day the victor was known as "Two-Bits."

With the breaking out of the Civil War all mounted regiments were made cavalry. This wiped out of existence the two dragoon regiments and the rifle regiment, the latter being rechristened the Third Cavalry, and ordered from New Mexico to the East, for service in the field. Their horses were left behind, being turned over to the New Mexico volunteer cavalry. Two-Bits was assigned to the troop which was then a part of the garrison of Fort Whipple. In the march from the valley of the Rio Grande to the valley of the Rio Colorado he had succumbed to Mexican neglect and abuse, and fallen a victim to hard usage. And so, by a mere chance, the meeting took place between the veteran steed and his former jockey of the Fort Craig race. Cain had recognized his old friend of five years before, and knowing that he would not be allowed to own a horse, he did the next best thing,—made me his owner, which gave him the care of the animal, and frequent opportunities to take him out for an airing.

From this time on, I had many long rides on Two-Bits, in the weary and tiresome pursuit of the Indians, who never neglected to take advantage of the unprotected state of the Territory. I became very much attached to the horse and even took pains to win a place in his affections, often being much surprised at his wonderful intelligence and almost human discernment. He would never desert his rider in a place of danger, no matter what the temptation. Three or four times when taking him out for exercise, Cain had dismounted for some purpose and Two-Bits had immediately kicked up his heels like a colt and trotted back to his stall in the corral.* But once at a good distance from the post or train, or in a situation of danger, and he would stay by his rider when free to go. This statement may appear doubtful to many, but every man who was stationed at Fort Whipple during the time Two-Bits occupied a stall there, believed more than I have stated. Two instances, which I will relate, so impressed me

that I can have but one opinion of this noble old horse. Once, when I had ridden down the valley of the Rio Verde, some thirty miles from the fort, on a solitary fishing excursion, I strolled along its banks for several hours, standing by pools and handling a rod, while a carbine rested in my left elbow and two revolvers hung at my waist. I looked over my shoulders for Indians more frequently than the fish favored me with bites. Suddenly, Two-Bits, who had been grazing close by, unpicketed, came trotting down to me in considerable excitement. Without stopping to inquire the cause I dropped fishing-tackle and basket, mounted and rode to an eminence, from which I saw, on the opposite side of the stream, half a mile away, a party of mounted Apaches who had not been visible from my fishing-place because of a fringe of willows. As soon as they discovered me they whooped and gave chase; but the long legs of Two-Bits made nothing of running away from them, and I was soon far beyond their reach.

The second incident occurred when I was returning from a visit of inspection to a hay-camp ten miles from the post. I was riding at a walk along a level road, which was skirted on my left by thick sage-brush. My left foot was out of the stirrup. A sudden shot from cover cut my coat-collar and caused the horse to jump suddenly to the right. Having no support on my left, and being taken off my guard, I toppled from the saddle and fell to the ground, but fortunately landed on my feet and facing the ambuscade, so I quickly covered the spot with my rifle. Two-Bits did not stir after I fell, and I walked backwards around to his right side, and mounted in reverse of custom, still covering the possible enemy, and rode away, first slowly and then at a run, until beyond rifle-range. Then I saw three Apaches rise from the brush.

Again, when Lieutenant R—— and myself, with ten men, had been four days in pursuit of a band of Indians that had run off the stock from a neighboring ranch, we found one of our men unable to sit in his saddle from wounds. We removed the saddle from his horse and bound him at length along the back, and did our best to make him as comfortable as possible. He rode along quietly for some time, and then asked to be put on Two-Bits. After this,

* To show that he was no respecter of persons, I must admit that he twice did the same thing for me.

the horse was a greater favorite than ever with the men. Not one of our party could have been made to believe that Two-Bits did not understand the necessity of treading gently with his sensitive burden; and I must admit that when our road lay down some boulder-strewn declivity, the horse seemed careful to select the places for his feet, and certainly was tediously slow. I confess I am of the opinion of the men; I believe the horse fully understood the condition of his charge, and the necessity of going slowly and gently in rough places. The man reached the post hospital in safety and recovered; and from the day of his recovery Two-Bits had another devoted friend and guardian.

II.

HIS SECOND RACE.

As the Fourth of July, 1865, approached, in the dearth of other material and the abundance of horses, the citizens of Prescott determined to offer a series of horse and pony races as attractions, and there was at once considerable excitement in horse circles in consequence. Officers of the garrison caught the excitement and vied with the ranchmen and miners, and began looking over their favorites with a view to capturing the various bridles, saddles, etc., offered as prizes.

One race was to be for American horses only, this name being used to distinguish the cavalry horses and those brought from the East, from the mustangs, Texas ponies, and broncos. The gait for all horses was to be a run, under the saddle, over distances ranging from five hundred to eight hundred yards, according to whether the contestants belonged to one or the other of the classes mentioned,—the longer distance being for the American horses.

A few days after the conditions of the race were published, Cain proposed that I should enter Two-Bits for the eight-hundred-yards race, assuring me that if I would do so I was sure to win the prize. But I pooh-poohed the suggestion at once, and even ridiculed Cain for his folly in imagining for a moment that Two-Bits could compete with such steeds as were already entered. I soon found that I had plunged the ambitious fifer into the depths of despair. For several days he moped about his duties in a

silent and dejected manner, until his evident misery aroused my compassion. So one morning after he had completed the housework of my quarters, I asked him to remain a few moments, and then referred to the subject, which I knew had full possession of his thoughts, with the question:

"You do not suppose, Cain, that so old a horse as Two-Bits would stand any chance in this race?"

"He would, jist, sor!" he answered with emphasis.

"But he is very old, Cain. He must be twenty, at the very least."

"Yis, sor, and he grows faster as he grows older, sor."

Evidently there was no use in arguing against Two-Bits, with a person so prejudiced as Cain; but I continued:

"Your love for your old favorite, Cain, misleads you as to his capabilities. I know him to be easy and free under the saddle, and the best horse I ever rode, but it is not reasonable to expect him, at his age, to beat young horses, after all the ill-treatment he has undergone."

"I wish the Liftinent would jist give me the thrial of him, that 's all. There 's not a baste in these parts can bate him!"

"But you are not reasonable about this, Cain. Because Two-Bits won a race five years ago, it does not follow that he can do so now. There is that fine black of King Woolsey's—what possible chance is there that any horse in Arizona can take the lead of him?"

"That 's jist it, sor. The consate of that man Woolsey nades a rebuke, sor. Two-Bits can give him one, asy. I know the horse, sor. If the Liftinent will pardon an ould soldier for makin' so bould as to sit up an opinion ag'inst his, I beg lave to remoid him that I have rode the winning horse at miny a race in the ould country and in this; and while I 'm free to admit that Two-Bits does not auel the racin'-stock o' the quality and ginty, he is far beyant anything this side o' the wather."

"Well, Cain, leave me now to consider the matter, and call again in an hour."

Left alone, I was not long in coming to the conclusion that the soldier should be indulged in his wish to enter Two-Bits for the race. Ac-

cordingly, when the fifer returned for my decision, I said:

"I am going to allow you to run him, Cain. I look upon the horse as your discovery. He has cost me literally nothing."

"Thank you, sor, and you 'll win the prize," said Cain.

"No; I don't care for the prize. I will pay the entrance fee, and if you win the race the prize shall be your own."

When I recalled the many evidences I had had of Two-Bits' speed in pursuit of Indians, and in retreats when the Indian in turn was pursuer, and my life had depended upon his gait and his endurance, I could not but hope he would win.

On the day of the race I sat, by no means a calm and disinterested spectator, on a bench near the goal. After the race of ponies, mustangs, and broncos, came the principal race—that of American horses. I will spare the reader details of the race further than to say that, to the surprise of everybody but Joe Cain, it ended as at Fort Craig. Two-Bits came in with dilated nostrils and blazing eyes, amid the thundering cheers of the soldiers, fully two lengths ahead. Cain led him back to the fort, escorted the whole distance by admiring blue-coats. At the stables, Cain sat on an inverted grain-measure and told over for the hundredth time the way the horse received the name Two-Bits, and how he had discovered the old horse, friendless and broken down, in the Whipple corral, and having built him up to his present beautiful proportions, had once more ridden him to victory.

I have related the foregoing incidents in an attempt to interest the reader in the personality of my horse. He is the hero of the story—the men are only accessories. The incident to which all this is a preface must have a chapter by itself.

III.

HE RUNS COURIER.

IN the fall of the year 1865, the Indian troubles became so serious that only with the greatest difficulty could we maintain our communications with the outer world. Every little while an express-rider would fail to make his

appearance when due, and an expedition sent in search of him often found his body in the road, in some rugged defile or thick chaparral, stripped, scalped, and disfigured, the contents of the express-pouch scattered for yards around, all letters broken open, and the illustrated papers torn into shreds, while the newspapers were simply thrown aside. The peril became so great in time that single riders could not be hired for the service, and at last only cavalymen in parties of five were sent on this dangerous duty. Even numbers was not always a protection, as I once found when, sent to look for a missing express, I discovered all the men dead together.

On the 20th of October a dispatch was received with accompanying instructions that it should be forwarded without delay to Santa Fé. Accordingly, I advertised for an express-rider, offering the highest pay allowed for the service. The route on the northeast was not considered to be so dangerous as those lying to the east, south, or west. Still there was no response to my offer, and I began to consider the expediency of asking for a detail from the cavalry, when a proposition came from an unexpected quarter. The man whom I have before mentioned as having been wounded during an Indian expedition and brought to the fort on the back of Two-Bits, came into my office, and offered to carry the dispatch, provided I would let him ride Two-Bits.

This man's name was Porter. He was a Londonderry Irishman by birth and was now sergeant in the infantry company. Years afterwards we learned that he was of gentle descent, and a graduate of Edinburgh University. He was a handsome, soldierly fellow, of refined features, gentlemanly bearing, good height, and undoubted courage. He entered my office, as I before stated, and said he would take the mail to Fort Wingate if I would lend him Two-Bits.

"But Two-Bits is my private property, Sergeant, and is not subject to such service," I replied.

"I know that, sir; but he has many qualities which fit him for it."

"Not more than half a dozen other horses in the corral, Sergeant."

"No horse has just his qualities, sir. He is

especially fitted for dangerous service such as this. He is fleet, he will not whinny nor do anything to attract attention in an Indian country. He will not desert his rider if turned loose, and he will not be stampeded if his rider sleeps while he grazes."

"You seem to have studied his character well."

"Yes, sir, I know Two-Bits very well; but not better than yourself, or most of the men of the garrison. He is a remarkable horse. He is well drilled and he is very intelligent. He always seems to understand what is expected of him."

"But really, Sergeant, I do not like to let him go on such a trip. I fear I should never see him again. The trip would be a tremendous strain upon the old horse."

"He shall have the tenderest care, sir. I will treat him as he deserves."

"I have no doubt of that, Sergeant. He would be treated well by all of our men. In fact, he is always made a pet of by every one. I will think of it. Call again later."

After Sergeant Porter went out, I walked over to the quarters of the commanding officer and told him of the proposition. He at once fell in with the plan and advised me to let the horse go. He said the horse could not be in better hands, and that doubtless he would go through safely, without fatigue, and return to me in a few weeks. He said he would convene a board of officers to appraise the horse, so that if he should be lost I could put in a claim for reimbursement. I agreed, and next day the board sat and appraised the value of my five-dollar horse at nearly \$200 in gold.

On the morning of the 25th of October, Sergeant Porter, mounted on Two-Bits, rode out of Fort Whipple, amid the hearty good wishes and handshakes of men and officers. He carried a mail pouch weighing twenty pounds, an overcoat and three blankets, a carbine and two revolvers, and six days' rations.

The adventures of horse and rider, after we saw them disappear behind the "red rocks," five miles below the fort, were related to me in 1867, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, by Porter, who had in the mean time been appointed a lieutenant in the army. I had not seen him since he started on his journey.

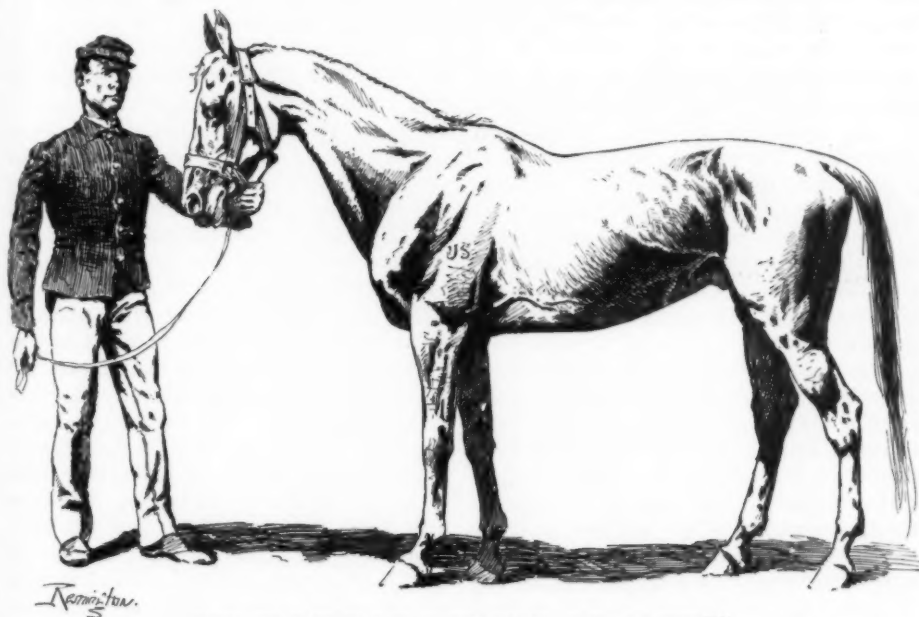
For three days the ride was without incident worth relating. On the fourth he did not leave his stopping-place until one o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock he found himself on the crest of a range of hills overlooking a plain which extended right and left almost to the horizon, and in front at least twenty miles, to the broken and hilly country beyond. It was as level as the surface of a lake. From the edge of the plain stretched the narrow thread of the Military road, straight across to the foot-hills beyond. The road down the declivity to the plain being rough and stony, the sergeant dismounted and followed his horse, allowing him to pick his way and take his own gait. When he arrived at the foot of the range, he noticed that there lay between him and the plain, and parallel to its edge, a long low ridge. He halted in the ravine formed by the ridge and the foot-hills to tighten girth and straps and readjust his luggage before taking the road over the plain. While engaged in this operation, Porter noticed that, at the point where he stood, the road divided into two; these passed over the ridge a hundred yards apart, descended on the other side, and met again in one road about a mile out on the plain. The reason for this division was that the left-hand road had become badly gullied in one of the rare and violent rainfalls peculiar to that region, and the wagoners had made a new one to avoid its roughness.

Finishing the adjustment of the saddle and its attached parcels, the sergeant still postponed remounting, and followed his horse slowly up the ridge, leaving the choice of roads to the animal, it being a matter of indifference to a horseman whether the road was gullied or not. Two-Bits took the left-hand road, and moved leisurely up the slope, raising his head high as he approached the crest to look beyond it. Suddenly he stopped and stood perfectly rigid, his ears set forward and his eyes fixed upon some object, evidently in alarm. Porter crept carefully forward and looked beyond the ridge. Behind a mass of granite boulders which skirted the left of the other road, four Indian ponies could be seen picketed. Evidently their riders were among the rocks watching for the express-rider they had seen descending from the range. They naturally supposed that he would pass along the

usually traveled road. Nothing but the accident that Two-Bits took the old road prevented the sergeant from falling into the ambushade and ending his life there. From the old road the ponies were plainly visible in a nook among the boulders; from the newer road they could not have been seen.

The sergeant backed Two-Bits sufficiently to put him out of sight of the Indians. When all was ready, Porter patted the old horse affectionately on the neck and said, "Now, old fellow,

he could reload without a second's delay, and, aiming carefully, fired, killing the pony instantly. He reloaded, and as an Indian sprang from cover to see where the shot came from, he caught the second bullet and fell across the dead pony. Not another Indian showed himself until Porter was well out upon the plain; then he heard the shrill staccato of the Navajo war-whoop, and glancing backward over his shoulder saw three Indians pursuing at the top of their ponies' speed. Two-Bits threw himself into the task



"WILL THE LIFTINENT PLAZE TO COME OUT AND INSPICIT HIS HORSE?"

everything depends upon your legs." Porter always maintained that Two-Bits understood the coming struggle as fully as he did himself.

When all was completed, Porter mounted and rode slowly over the ridge and slowly down the opposite slope. He was anxious that the Indians should not discover him until he should be well beyond the gullies in the road. These he passed safely, and, as he rose to the level ground beyond, he noticed that one of the mustangs in the boulders was holding his head high, watching his movements. It occurred to the sergeant that to kill a pony would be equal to killing an Indian. He took a cartridge in his palm, so that

of running away from the mustangs with all the elasticity and grace that had distinguished him on the racecourse, and had always led to victory. He settled down to a long and steady pace which promised soon to leave his pursuers far behind. The soldier was beginning to congratulate himself upon his wisdom in insisting upon having Two-Bits for his service. With every spring the old horse seemed to be fast widening the distance between the Indians and their intended victim; and this continued for about half a dozen miles, when Porter reluctantly observed that no further change in his favor was evident. In fact, it soon became evident that

the Navajos were slowly and surely closing up on him.

This was not at all strange. Two-Bits was an American horse, accustomed in garrison and camp to his twelve pounds of grain daily; a kind of horse that will invariably run down in flesh on a grazing diet. The mustangs lived entirely upon grass and grew fat and kept in good condition even when subjected to the roughest usage. Two-Bits was heavily loaded and had tasted no grain for four days; the mustangs were lightly mounted and filled with their accustomed forage. Two-Bits was old and the mustangs were young. The odds were decidedly against the veteran war-horse; but he kept on with his long powerful gallop, while the Indian ponies came on with a short, quick, tireless clatter which never changed its cadence and threatened to overtake the sergeant before he could gain the shelter of the hills, still many miles away.

The flight and pursuit over the plain had to be confined closely to the road. Outside of the track the vegetation would seriously wound and disable an animal attempting to go through its spiked obstructions.

At last an arrow flew between Porter's shoulder and ear. Turning in his saddle, he fired, breaking the leading Navajo's arm and causing him to fall into the road, while his riderless pony stopped by the wayside and began at once to graze. As the sergeant dropped his carbine by his right side to place a new cartridge in the breech, an arrow struck his right hand, his fingers relaxed, and the precious weapon dropped into the road. He could not stop to recover it,—it would be useless with a badly wounded hand,—so he plunged wearily on, looking at the broken fingers and flowing blood, with his first serious misgivings. His chances of getting out of this scrape alive seemed desperate indeed. With his skill as a marksman, he had all along thought that he should soon pick off all his enemies; but with no carbine and a useless right hand the chances were much against him.

Resolving, like a brave man, to die game, Porter hastily bound his handkerchief about his wounded hand, and drew a revolver in his left. Turning, he fired shot after shot, but without effect except to keep the two Indians hanging over the sides of their horses, until, conceiving

a contempt for his inaccurate aim, they sat upright, and sent arrow after arrow toward him. The distance was still too great for these primitive missiles to be fully effective, but two pierced his shoulders, and the shafts of three could be seen switching up and down in the quarters of Two-Bits as he galloped wearily on. A lucky shot caused one of the Indians to rein up suddenly, dismount, and sit down by the roadside. The last Navajo kept on, however, with all the eagerness with which he began the chase apparently unabated, and soon he wounded Porter again, and this time along the ribs. In very desperation, the sergeant then suddenly turned his horse to the right-about, bore down quickly upon the Indian pony, and before his rider had time to recover from his surprise at the unexpected attack he sent his last remaining shot crashing into the brain of the mustang. The little horse swerved out of the track and fell headlong into a cactus, and before the Indian could extricate himself Two-Bits and his rider had wheeled and were out of arrow-range.

The pursuit was at an end, and it would no doubt be pleasant to the reader of this story of a horse if I could say that the sergeant and Two-Bits were now safe. But they were very far from safe. When well beyond any chance of pursuit from the last and ponyless Navajo, Porter slid painfully from his saddle to examine into his own and his horse's injuries. No arrows were left in his own body, but he was badly lacerated and had bled profusely, until he was scarcely able to stand. The horse had received seven wounds, and three arrows were still sticking in his flesh. These were not deeply in, and were easily removed; but a long cut along the ribs, from hind to fore quarters, had torn the skin badly and still bled profusely. Porter bound up his own wounds with fair success, but he could do nothing for the horse. Neither could he relieve Two-Bits by walking. The horse refused a ration of hard bread offered him, and there remained nothing to be done but for the sergeant to drag himself painfully into the saddle and resume his journey. Remounting was not accomplished without great difficulty, and only by the aid of a date-tree which forked, conveniently, two feet from the ground. Speed was now out of the question,

and the horse simply limped along at a feeble walk. The excitement of the chase was over, and the nerves of both man and beast had lost their tension.

When the pursuit ended, Porter found himself near the border of the plain from which the

horse in a desert country without water might unfit him for further effort, and without a horse there was no hope for the man to pass over the long remaining distance to Wingate. It was this very hopelessness which caused the soldier to press on into the increasing darkness, putting



"TWO-BITS" LAST DASH.

road led up into a rugged and hilly country, and it was already growing toward twilight. The miles stretched wearily out, and there seemed no better prospect than to dismount and try to find rest, even though rest for the

off a halt which he felt must be final. Still creeping slowly along, he at last surmounted a height overlooking a narrow valley, and on the other side saw a bright fire burning, which occasionally disappeared and reappeared as if

persons were passing before it. The hopes of the soldier were at once revived at the prospect of reaching friends and assistance, but the hopes were as quickly depressed by the fear that the fire might be that of an enemy,—probably a party of Navajos, for this was their country. But even a foe might prove to be a friend to one in his plight, so he pressed on.

Two-Bits was so weak that he hardly more than moved, and hours elapsed before the valley was crossed and he brought his rider near the fire. He was ascending the hillside on which the fire was burning when the rattle of halter-chains over feed-boxes—a sound familiar to a soldier's ears—came plainly through the evening air, and Porter knew that he was near a Government train. With the welcome sound he grew faint and fell from the saddle to the ground senseless. Two-Bits kept on into camp, approached the camp-fire, looked into the faces of the guard which sat about its cheerful blaze, turned, as if to retrace his steps, staggered, fell, and died.

The unexpected appearance of a horse, saddled and bridled, a mail-bag strapped on his back, his saddle covered with blood, his body wounded in half a dozen places, his sudden fall and death, started the whole camp into activity. The military escort was soon under arms, horses and mules were quickly saddled, and lanterns were soon hurrying down the road. The searchers had not far to go before they came upon the sergeant, lying apparently lifeless. He was taken into camp, tenderly cared for, and next day taken to Fort Wingate, the place for which the train was bound.

Was Two-Bits left to be food for the coyotes? No. Sergeant Porter told his story, and the command being of the company stationed at Fort Craig at the time of the first race mentioned in these columns, it was not difficult to find a few sympathetic old soldiers who yielded to the earnest request of the wounded express-rider and buried his equine friend and comrade deeply, and heaped a mound of stones over his grave.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

—
BY WALTER CAMP.
—

THE rules governing American foot-ball are an outgrowth or development of the English Rugby foot-ball game, the very name of which at once recalls to every reader the well-beloved "Tom Brown."

The credit of introducing these rules among our colleges belongs entirely to Harvard, who had learned them from the Canadians and were at the outset won by the superior opportunities offered by the new game for strategy and generalship as well as for clever individual playing. After Harvard had played for a year or two with our northern neighbors, Yale was persuaded to adopt these English rules, and in 1876 the first match between two American college teams un-

der the Rugby Union rules was played. Since that time the code has undergone many changes, the greater number being made necessary by the absolute lack of any existing foot-ball lore or tradition on American soil. The English game was one of traditions. "What has been done can be done; what has not been done must be illegal," answered any question which was not fully foreseen in their laws of the game.

For the first few years, our college players spent their time at conventions in adding rules to settle vexed problems continually arising, to which the English rules offered no solution. In this way the rules rapidly multiplied until the number was quite double that of the original

code. Then followed the process of excision, and many of the old English rules which had become useless were dropped. During the last few years the foot-ball law-makers have changed but two or three rules a year. The method of making alterations has also been perfected.

In order to avoid the petty dissensions incident to contests so recent that the wounds of defeat were yet tender, an Advisory Committee of graduates has been appointed and all alteration of rules is in their hands. They meet once a year to propose any changes that appear to them necessary. They submit such propositions to the Intercollegiate Association for discussion and approval. Provided this Association approve of them, they are then, by the Secretary of the Advisory Committee, incorporated in the rules for the following season. In case the Association take exception to any, they are returned to the Advisory Board, and if they then receive the votes of four out of the five members, they become laws in spite of the disapproval of the Association. This has never yet occurred, nor has there been anything to mar the harmony existing between the two bodies.

No change, then, is possible unless suggested by a body of men, not immediate participants in the sport, who have had the benefits of past experience. This most excellent state of affairs was the result of suggestions emanating from an informal conference held some years ago in New York, at which were present members of the Faculties of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. These gentlemen were at that time carefully watching the growth of the sport, and were prepared to kill or encourage it according to its deserts. Their suggestions have rendered most substantial aid to the game, and made its law-making the most conservative and thoroughly well considered of all rules governing college contests.

"How does the English game differ from the American?" is a very common question, and in answering it one should first state that there are two games in England,—one "the Rugby" and the other "the Association." These differ radically, the Association being more like the old-fashioned sport that existed in this country previous to the introduction of the Rugby. In the Association game the players

can not run with the ball in their hands or arms, but move it rapidly along the ground with their feet—"dribble the ball," as their expression has it. Of course, then, a comparison between our game and the Association is out of the question. To the Rugby Union, however, our game still bears a striking resemblance, the vital point of difference being the outlet to the "scrimmage" or "down." In the English game, when the ball is held and put down for what they call a "*scrummage*," both sides gather about in a mass, and each endeavors by kicking the ball to drive it in the direction of the opponents' goal. Naturally, there is a deal of pushing and hacking and some clever work with the feet, but the exact exit of the ball from the "*scrummage*" can not be predicted or anticipated. When it does roll out, the man who is nearest endeavors to get it and make a run or a kick. The American scrimmage, while coming directly from the English play, bears now no similarity to it. Instead of an indiscriminate kicking struggle we have the snap-back and quarter-back play. The snap-back rolls the ball back with his foot; the quarter seizes it and passes it to any man for whom the ball is destined in the plan of the play. In other respects, with the exception of greater liberties in assisting a runner, it would not be a very difficult task to harmonize our game with the British.

While the game has in the last ten years grown rapidly in popular favor, it would not be fair to suppose that all of the ten or fifteen thousand spectators who gather to witness one of the great matches have clearly defined ideas of the rules which govern the contest. Many of the technical terms they hear used are also Greek to them, and it would undoubtedly add to their enjoyment of the game to give a few clues to chief plays of interest.

While awaiting the advent of the players, one looks down on the field and sees a rectangular space a little over a hundred yards long and a trifle more than fifty yards wide, striped transversely with white lines, which give it the aspect of a huge gridiron. These lines are five yards apart, and their only purpose is to assist the referee in judging distances. There is a rule which says that in three attempts a side

must advance the ball five, or take it back twenty yards under penalty of surrendering it to the opponents. The field is therefore marked out with these five-yard lines, by means of which the referee can readily tell the distance made at each attempt. The gallows-like arrangements at the ends of the field are the goal posts, and in order to score a goal the ball must be kicked over a cross-bar extending between the posts by any kind of a kick except a "punt." That is, it must be by a "drop kick," which is made by letting the ball fall from the hand and kicking it as it rises from the ground; by a "place kick," which is from a position of rest on the ground; or finally even from a rolling kick. A "punt" is a kick made by dropping the ball from the hand and kicking it before it strikes the ground, and such a kick can under no circumstances score a goal. Scoring is only possible at the ends of the field, and all the work one sees performed in the middle of the ground is only the struggle to get the ball to the goal.

There are two ways in which points may be made: By kicking the ball, as above described, over the goal, and by touching it down behind the goal line. A "safety" is made when a side are so sorely pressed that they carry the ball behind their *own goal line*, and not when it is kicked there by the enemy. In the latter case, it is called a "touchback," and does not score

"down." Such a play entitles his side to a "try-at-goal," and if they succeed in kicking the ball over the bar, then the goal only scores and not the touchdown; but if they miss the try, they are still entitled to the credit of the touchdown. A goal can also be made without the intervention of a touchdown; that is, it may be kicked direct from the field, either from a drop kick or a place kick, or even when it is rolling or bounding along the ground. This latter, however, is very unusual. In the scoring, the value of a field kick goal is only five, of a goal kicked from a touchdown, six; if the touchdown does not result in a goal it counts four, and a safety by the opponents counts the other side two.

When the game begins, the ball is placed in the center of the field and put in play, or kicked off, as it is termed, by the side which has lost the choice of goal. From that time forward, during forty-five minutes of actual play, the two sides struggle to make goals and touchdowns against each other. Of the rules governing their attempts to carry the ball to the enemies' quarters, the most important are those of off side and on side. In a general way it may be said that "off side" means between the ball and the opponents' goal, while "on side" means between the ball and one's own goal. A player is barred from taking part in the play or handling the ball, when in the former predicament. When a



QUARTER-BACK TAKING THE BALL.

either for or against the side making it. A "touchdown" is made when a player carries the ball across his *opponents' goal line* and there has it down, *i. e.*, either cries "down" or puts it on the ground; or if he secures the ball after it has crossed his opponents' goal line and then has it

ball has been kicked by a player, all those of his side who are ahead of him, that is, between him and his opponents' goal, are off side, and even though the ball go over their heads they are still off side until the ball has been touched by an opponent, or until the man who kicked it

has run up ahead of them. Either of these two events puts them on side again. Any player who is on side may run with or kick the ball, and his opponents may tackle him whenever he has the ball in his arms. It is fair for them to tackle him in any way except below the knees. They must not, however, throttle or choke him, nor can players use the closed fist. The runner may push his opponents off with his open hand or arm, in any way he pleases, and ability to do this well goes far toward making a successful runner.

When a player having the ball is tackled and fairly held so that his advance is checked, and he can not pass the ball, the player tackling him cries out "Held!" The runner must say "Down," and the ball is then put on the ground for a scrimmage. Any player of the side which had possession of the ball can then put it in play. Usually the "snap-back," as he is called, does this work. He places the ball on the ground, and then with his foot (or hand) rolls the ball back, or kicks it forward or to one side, generally for a player of his own side to seize. When the ball is rolled or snapped back, the man who first receives it is called the quarter-back, and he can not run forward with it. When, however, it is kicked sideways or ahead, any one except the snap-back and the opposing player opposite him can run with it.

"Free kicks" are those where the opponents are restrained by rule from interfering with the ball or player until the kick is made. At the commencement of the game, the side which has lost the choice of goals has a free kick from the center of the field; and when a goal has been scored the side which has lost it has a free kick from the same location. Any player who fairly catches the ball on the fly from an opponent's kick, has a free kick, provided he makes a mark with his heel on the spot of the catch. A side which has made a touchdown has a free kick at the goal, and a side which has made a safety or a touchback has a free kick from any spot behind the twenty-five-yard line. This line is the fifth white line from their goal, and upon that mark the opponents may line up.

A violation of any rule is called a foul, and the other side has the privilege of putting the ball down where the foul was made. Certain fouls are punished by additional penalties. A

player is immediately disqualified for striking with the closed fist or unnecessary roughness. A side loses twenty-five yards, or the opponents may have a free kick, as a penalty for throttling, tripping up, or tackling below the knees. For off-side play a side loses five yards. A player may pass or throw the ball in any direction except toward his opponents' goal. When the ball goes out of bounds at the side, it is "put in" at the spot where it crossed the line by a player of the side first securing the ball. He bounds or throws the ball in; or he may, if he prefers, walk out with it any distance not greater than fifteen paces, and put it down for a scrimmage.



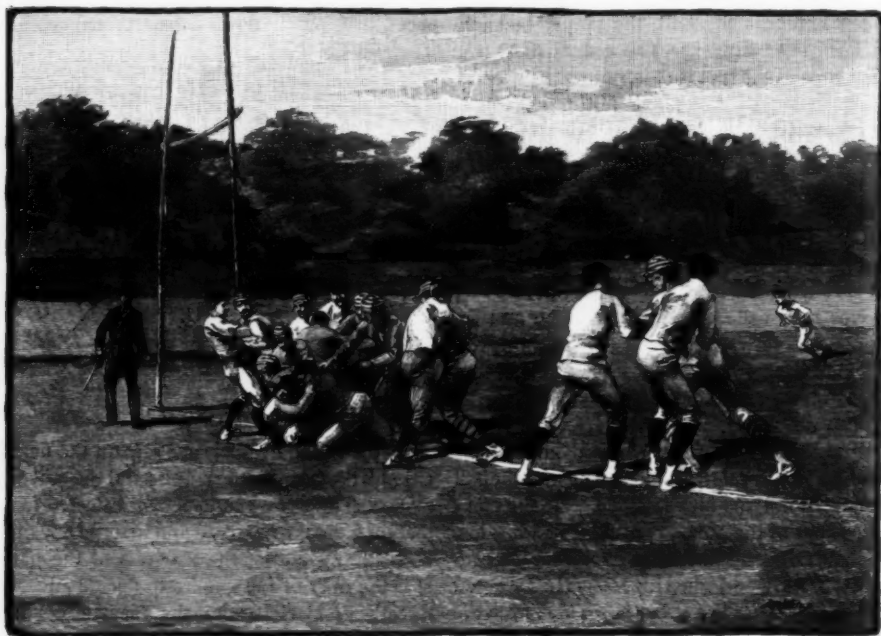
A FAIR TACKLE.

Of the two individuals one sees on the field in citizen's dress, one is the umpire and the other the referee. These two gentlemen are selected to see that the rules are observed and to settle any questions arising during the progress of the game. It is the duty of the umpire to decide all points directly connected with the players' conduct, while the referee decides questions of the position or progress of the ball. The original rules provided that the captains of the two sides should settle all disputes; but this, at the very outset, was so manifestly out of the question that a provision was made for a referee. Then, as the captains had their hands full in commanding their teams, two judges were appointed, and it was the duty of these judges to make all claims for their respective sides. These judges soon became so importunate with their innumerable claims as to harass the referee beyond all endurance. The next step, therefore, was to do away with the judges and leave the referee sole

master of the field. Even then the referee found so much that it was impossible for him to watch, that it was decided to appoint a second man, called an umpire, to assist him. This umpire assumed the responsibility of seeing that the players committed no fouls, thus leaving the referee's undivided attention to be devoted to following the course of the ball.

This has proved so wonderfully successful that the base-ball legislators are seriously considering the question of adopting a similar system of dividing the work between two umpires.

gradual development from the English Rugby, are peculiarly interesting, showing as they do the inventive faculty of our college players. The way in which the quarter-back play was suggested and perfected illustrates this very strongly. Our players began exactly as the Englishmen, by putting the ball on the ground, closing around it, and then kicking until it rolled out somewhere. In the first season of this style of scrimmage play, they made the discovery that far from being an advantage to kick the ball through, it often resulted in a great disadvan-



A TOUCHDOWN.

There are two general divisions of players, the "rushers" or "forwards," so called because they constitute the front rank of the foot-ball army; and the backs, called the quarter-back, the half-backs or halves, and the full-back or goal-tend. The quarter has been already described. The halves, of whom there are two, play several yards behind the rushers, and do the kicking or artillery work. The goal-tend is really only a third half-back, his work being almost the same as that of the halves.

The changes the game has undergone in its

tage, for it gave the opponents a chance to secure the ball and make a run. The players, therefore, would station a man a short distance behind the scrimmage, and the rushers in front would manage to so cleverly assist the kicking of the opponents as to let the ball come through directly to this player, who had then an excellent opportunity to run around the mass of men before they realized that the ball had escaped.

Soon an adventurous spirit discovered that he could so place his foot upon the ball that by pressing suddenly downwards and backwards

with his toe he would drag or snap the ball to the man behind him. At first, naturally, the snap-back was not sufficiently proficient to be always sure in his aim, but it did not take long to make the play a very accurate one, and in the games to-day it is unusual for the snap-back to fail in properly sending the ball to his quarter.

Originally the quarter was wont to run with or kick the ball, but now as a rule he passes it to one of the halves or to a rusher who has come behind him, instead of making the run himself. The quarter then directs the course of the play, so that scientific planning is possible; whereas in the old method the element of chance was far greater than that of skill.

One frequently hears old players speak of the "block game" and its attendant evils. This was a system of play by which an inferior team was enabled to escape defeat by keeping continual possession of the ball, while actually making but a pretense of play. So great did the evil become, that in 1882 a rule was made, which has already been mentioned, to the effect that a side must make an advance of five yards or retreat ten* in three scrimmages. The penalty for not doing this is the loss of the ball to the opponents. A kick is considered equivalent to an advance, even though the same side should, by some error of the opponents, regain the ball when it comes down. The natural working of this rule, as spectators of the game will readily see, is to cause a side to make one or two attempts to advance by the running style of play, and then, if they have not made the necessary five yards, to pass the ball back to a half for a kick. The wisdom of this play is evident. If they find they must lose the ball, they wish it to fall to their opponents as far down the field as possible, and so they send it by a long kick as near the enemies' goal as they can.

One other rule, besides this one, has had a development worthy of particular attention. It is the one regarding the value of the points scored. At first, goals only were scored. Then touchdowns were brought in, and a match was decided by a majority of these, while a goal received a certain equivalent value in touchdowns. Then the scoring of safeties was introduced; but only in this way, that in case no other point was scored a side making four less safeties than their

opponents should win the match. A goal kicked from a touchdown had always been considered of greater value than a field-kick goal, but it was not until the scoring had reached the point of counting safeties, that it was decided to give numerical values to the various points in order that matches might be more surely and satisfactorily decided. From this eventually came the method of scoring as mentioned earlier in this article.

A few diagrams illustrative of the general position of the players when executing various maneuvers will assist the reader in obtaining an insight into the plays. As there are no hard and fast rules for these positions they are dependent upon the judgment of each individual captain; nevertheless the following diagrams indicate in a general way the formations most common.

The first diagram shows the measurements of the field as well as the general position of two teams just previous to the kick-off, or opening of the game. While the front rank are all called forwards or rushers, distinctive names are given to the individual positions. These also are noted on this first diagram.

The forwards of the side which has the kick, "line up" even with the ball, while their opponents take up their positions ten yards away. They are not permitted to approach nearer until the ball is touched with the foot. Formerly, when it was the practice at kick-off to send the ball as far down the field as possible, the opponents were wont to drop two forwards, near the ends of the line, back a few feet; thus providing for a short kick. The quarter took his place in a straight line back from the ball some sixty or seventy feet, while the two halves and the back stood sufficiently distant to be sure of catching a long kick. The positions of the side kicking the ball were not so scattered. All their forwards and the quarter stood even with the ball, ready to dash down the field; while the halves and back stood only a short distance behind them, because as soon as the ball was sent down the field they would be in proper places to receive a return kick from the opponents.

The kick-off of the present day is more apt to be a "dribble," or a touching the ball with the foot and then passing or running with it. The

result of this is that the opponents mass more compactly, the halves and quarter not playing far down the field and the rushers at the ends not dropping back. The side having the kick,

the man who is to play the ball. Diagram 2 illustrates the position at the moment of the kick-off. The kicker touches the ball with his foot, picks it up and hands it to the runner who is

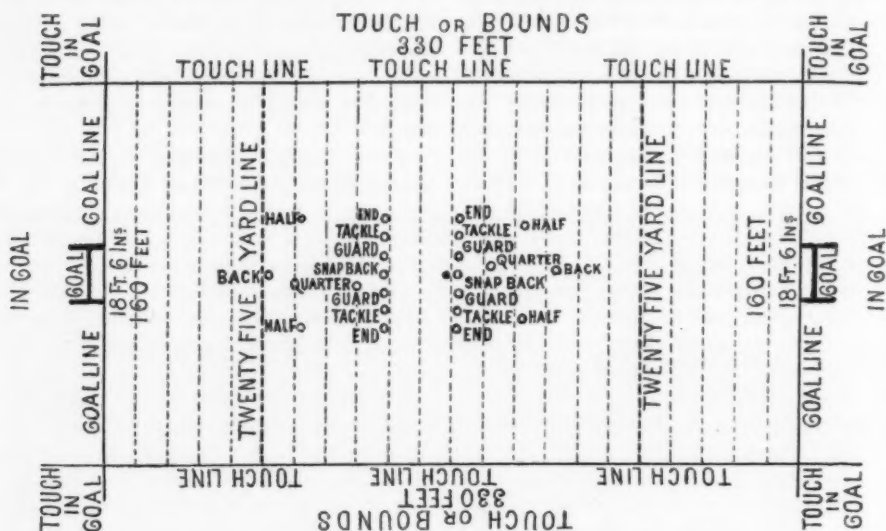


DIAGRAM 1.

keeping in mind, of course, the particular play they intend to make, assume positions that shall the most readily deceive their opponents, if possible, and yet most favor the success of their maneuver.

For instance, an opening play quite common last year was the "wedge" or "V." In diagrams 2 and 3 are shown the positions in this play. As the players "line out" they assume as nearly as possible the regular formation, in order

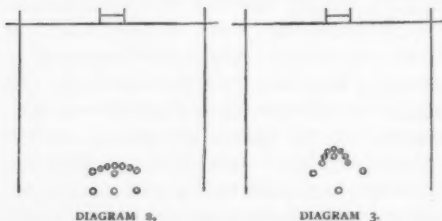


DIAGRAM 2.

DIAGRAM 3.

that their opponents may not at once become too certain of their intention. As soon, however, as play has been called, one sees the rushers closing up to the center and the player who is to make the running, dropping in close behind

coming just behind him. The forwards at once dash forward, making a V-shaped mass of men just within the angle of which trots along the runner. Diagram 3 shows them at this point.

But this wedge no sooner meets the opposing line, than the formation becomes more or less unsteady, exactly in proportion to the strength and skill of the opponents. Against untrained players the wedge moves without great difficulty, often making twenty or thirty yards before it is broken. Skillful opponents will tear it apart much more speedily.

Now comes the most scientific part of the play; namely, the outlet for the runner and ball. There are two ways of successfully making this outlet. One is to have a running half-back moving along outside the wedge, taking care to be a little behind the runner so that the ball may be passed to him without committing the foul of passing it ahead. When the wedge begins to go to pieces, the ball is dexterously thrown out to him and he has an excellent opportunity for a run, because the opposing rushers are so involved in breaking the

wedge that they can not get after him quickly. Diagram 4 illustrates this. The second, and by far the most successful when well played, is for two of the forwards in the wedge to suddenly separate and in their separation to push their opponents aside with their bodies, so that a

Diagram 8 shows still another phase of the running-game, where a rusher runs around behind the quarter, taking the ball from him on the run and making for an opening on the other side, or even on the very end.

Diagram 9 shows the formation when, having

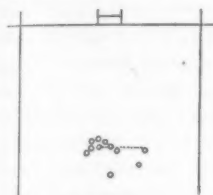


DIAGRAM 4.

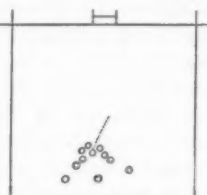


DIAGRAM 5.

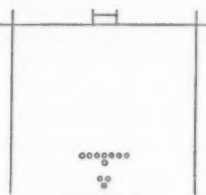


DIAGRAM 6.

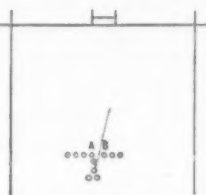


DIAGRAM 7.

pathway is opened for the runner, so he can dart out with the ball. Diagram 5 shows this.

The wedge formation is a good play from any free kick, because the opponents are so restrained by being obliged to keep behind a certain spot, that time is given for the wedge to form and acquire some headway before they can meet it.

The formation of the side which has the ball in a scrimmage, next occupies our attention. As stated before in this article, it is customary for them to make two attempts to advance the

made two attempts and not having advanced the ball five nor lost twenty yards, the side prefers to take a kick rather than risk a third failure, which would give the ball to the opponents on the spot of the next "down." The formation is very like that for the run, except that the distance between the forward line and the halves is somewhat increased and the three men are strung out rather more.

Let us now consider the formation of the opposing side during these plays. There is but

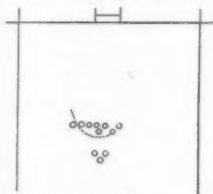


DIAGRAM 8.

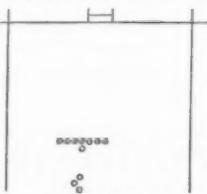


DIAGRAM 9.

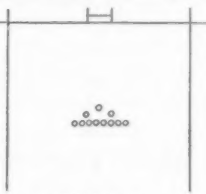


DIAGRAM 10.

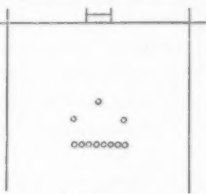


DIAGRAM 11.

ball by a run before resorting to a kick. There is some slight difference in the ways they form for these two styles of play. Diagram 6 shows the formation just previous to the run. The forwards are lined out, blocking their respective opponents, while the halves and backs generally bunch somewhat in order to deceive the opponents as to which man is to receive the ball, as well as to assist him, when he starts, by blocking off the first tacklers.

Diagram 7 shows the line of a half-back's run through the rushers. A and B endeavor, as he comes, to separate (by the use of their bodies, for they can not use their hands or arms to assist their runner) the two rushers in front of them, that the runner may get through between them.

one formation for the opponents in facing the running-game, and that is according to diagram 10. Of course they alter this whenever they have the good fortune to discover where the run is to be made, but this is seldom so evident as to make much of an alteration in formation safe. Their forwards line up, and their quarter goes into the rush-line wherever he finds the best opening. Their halves stand fairly close up behind and their back only a little distance further toward the goal. The formation, after the two attempts to run have failed, is, however, quite different in respect to the half-backs and backs. They at once run rapidly back until they are all three at a considerable distance from the forwards. The back stands as far as he thinks

it possible for the opposing half to kick, under the most favorable circumstances, while the two halves stand perhaps forty or fifty feet in advance, ready to take the ball from a shorter kick. Diagram 11 illustrates this.

In a "fair" or putting the ball in from the

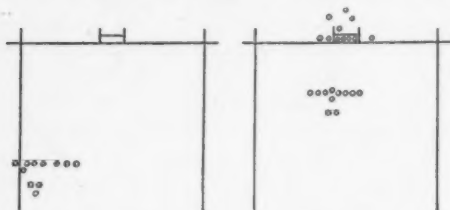


DIAGRAM 12.

DIAGRAM 13.

touch (see diagram 12), the same general formation prevails as in the ordinary scrimmage, for it is really nothing more than a scrimmage on the side of the field instead of in the middle. It counts the same as an ordinary "down" in respect to the necessity of advancing five yards; that is, if a side has made one attempt, from a down, to advance and has carried the ball out of bounds, and then makes another unsuccessful attempt to advance but is obliged to have the ball down

again, without accomplishing the five-yard gain, it must on the next attempt make the distance or surrender the ball.

After a touchdown has been made, if a try-at-goal is attempted by a place-kick, the formation is somewhat similar to a kick-off. (See diagram 13.) The man who is to place the ball lies flat on his stomach with the ball in his hands, taking care that until the kicker is ready it does not touch the ground, as that permits the opponents to charge. The forwards line up even with the ball, ready to run down when it is kicked, in order that they may have a chance of getting it, in case he misses the goal. The other half and the back stand a few feet behind the kicker. The position of the opponents in this play is necessarily limited, for they are obliged to stand behind their goal until the ball is kicked. The same diagram (13) shows the position they assume. Their rushers undertake to run forward and stop the ball, while their halves and back are ready, in case it misses, to make a touchback.

These diagrams cover the most important plays of the game and give one an insight into the general manipulation of players during match.

ANN LIZY'S PATCHWORK.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

ANN LIZY was invited to spend the afternoon and take tea with her friend Jane Baxter, and she was ready to set forth about one o'clock. That was the fashionable hour for children and their elders to start when they were invited out to spend the afternoon.

Ann Lizy had on her best muslin delaine dress, her best embroidered pantalets, her black silk apron, and her flat straw hat with long blue ribbon streamers. She stood in the south room—the sitting-room—before her grandmother, who was putting some squares of patchwork, with needle, thread, and scissors, into a green silk bag embroidered with roses in bead-work.

"There, Ann Lizy," said her grandmother, "you may take my bag if you are real careful of it, and won't lose it. When you get to Jane's you lay it on the table, and don't have it round when you're playin' outdoors."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ann Lizy. She was looking with radiant, admiring eyes at the bag—its cluster of cunningly wrought pink roses upon the glossy green field of silk. Still there was a serious droop to her mouth; she knew there was a bitter to this sweet.

"Now," said her grandmother, "I've put four squares of patchwork in the bag; they're all cut and basted nice, and you must sew 'em

all, over and over, before you play any. Sew 'em real fine and even, or you 'll have to pick the stitches out when you get home."

Ann Lizy's radiant eyes faded; she hung her head. She calculated swiftly that she could not finish the patchwork before four o'clock, and that would leave her only an hour and a half to eat supper and play with Jane, for she would have to come home at half-past five. "Can't I take two, and do the other two to-morrow, Grandma?" said she.

Her grandmother straightened herself disapprovingly. She was a tall, wiry old woman with strong handsome features showing through her wrinkles. She had been so energetic all her life, and done so much work, that her estimation of it was worn, like scales. Four squares of patchwork sewed with very fine even stitches had, to her, no weight at all; it did not seem like work.

"Well, if a great girl like you can't sew four squares of patchwork in an artemoon, I would n't tell of it, Ann Lizy," said she. "I don't know what you 'd say if you had to work the way I did at your age. If you can't have time enough to play and do a little thing like that, you 'd better stay at home. I ain't goin' to have you idle a whole artemoon, if I know it. Time 's worth too much to be wasted that way."

"I 'd sew the others to-morrow," pleaded Ann Lizy faintly.

"Oh, you would n't do it half so easy to-morrow; you 've got to pick the currants for the jell' to-morrow. Besides, that does n't make any difference. To-day's work is to-day's work, and it has n't anything to do with to-morrow's. It's no excuse for idlin' one day, because you do work the next. You take that patchwork, and sit right down and sew it as soon as you get there—don't put it off—and sew it nice too, or you can stay at home—just which you like."

Ann Lizy sighed, but reached out her hand for the bag. "Now be careful and not lose it," said her grandmother, "and be a good girl."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't run too hard, nor go to climbin' walls, and get your best dress torn."

"No, ma'am."

"And only one piece of cake at tea-time."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And start for home at half-past five."

"Yes, ma'am."

Little Ann Lizy Jennings, as she went down the walk between the rows of pinks, had a bewildered feeling that she had been to Jane Baxter's to tea, and was home again.

Her parents were dead, and she lived with her Grandmother Jennings, who made her childhood comfortable and happy, except that at times she seemed taken off her childish feet by the energy and strong mind of the old woman, and so swung a little way through the world in her wake. But Ann Lizy received no harm by it.

Ann Lizy went down the road with the bead bag on her arm. She toed out primly, for she had on her best shoes. A little girl, whom she knew, stood at a gate in every-day clothes, and Ann Lizy bowed to her in the way she had seen the parson's wife bow, when out making calls in her best black silk and worked lace veil. The parson's wife was young and pretty, and Ann Lizy admired her. It was quite a long walk to Jane Baxter's, but it was a beautiful afternoon, and the road was pleasant, although there were not many houses. There were green fields and flowering bushes at the sides, and, some of the way, elm-trees arching over it. Ann Lizy would have been very happy had it not been for the patchwork. She had already pieced one patchwork quilt, and her grandmother displayed it to people with pride, saying, "Ann Lizy pieced that before she was eight years old."

Ann Lizy had not as much ambition as her grandmother, now she was engaged upon her second quilt, and it looked to her like a checked and besprigged calico mountain. She kept dwelling upon those four squares, over and over, until she felt as if each side were as long as the Green Mountains. She calculated again and again how little time she would have to play with Jane—only about an hour, for she must allow a half-hour for tea. She was not a swift sewer when she sewed fine and even stitches, and she knew she could not finish those squares before four o'clock. One hour!—and she and Jane wanted to play dolls, and make wreaths out of oak-leaves, and go down in the lane after thimble-berries, and in the garden for goose-berries—there would be no time for anything!

Ann Lizy's delicate little face under the straw

flat grew more and more sulky and distressed, her forehead wrinkled, and her mouth pouted. She forgot to swing her muslin delaine skirts gracefully, and flounced along hitting the dusty meadow-sweet bushes.

Ann Lizy was about half-way to Jane Baxter's house, in a lonely part of the road, when she opened her bead bag and drew out her pocket-handkerchief—her grandmother had tucked that in with the patchwork—and wiped her eyes. When she replaced the handkerchief, she put it under the patchwork, and did not draw up the bag again, but went on, swinging it violently by one string.

When Ann Lizy reached Jane Baxter's gate, she gave a quick, scared glance at the bag. It looked very flat and limp. She did not open it, and she said nothing about it to Jane. They went out to play in the garden. There were so many hollyhocks there that it seemed like a real flower-grove, and the gooseberries were ripe.

Shortly after Ann Lizy entered Jane Baxter's house, a white horse and a chaise passed down the road in the direction from which she had just come. There were three persons in the chaise—a gentleman, lady, and little girl. The lady wore a green silk pelerine, and a green bonnet with pink strings, and the gentleman a blue coat and bell hat. The little girl had pretty long, light curls, and wore a white dress and blue sash. She sat on a little footstool down in front of the seat. They were the parson's wife's sister, her husband, and her little girl, and had been to visit at the parsonage. The gentleman drove the white horse down the road, and the little girl looked sharply and happily at everything by the way. All at once she gave a little cry—"Oh, Father, what 's that in the road?"

She saw Ann Lizy's patchwork, all four squares nicely pinned together, lying beside the meadow-sweet bushes. Her father stopped the horse, got out, and picked up the patchwork.

"Why," said the parson's wife's sister, "some little girl has lost her patchwork; look, Sally!"

"She 'll be sorry, won't she?" said the little girl whose name was Sally.

The gentleman got back into the chaise, and the three rode off with the patchwork. There seemed to be nothing else to do; there were no houses near and no people of whom to inquire.

Besides, four squares of calico patchwork were not especially valuable.

"If we don't find out who lost it, I 'll put it into my quilt," said Sally. She studied the patterns of the calico very happily, as they rode along; she thought them prettier than anything she had. One had pink roses on a green ground, and she thought that especially charming.

Meantime, while Sally and her father and mother rode away in the chaise with the patchwork, to Whitefield, ten miles distant, where their house was, Ann Lizy and Jane played as fast as they could. It was four o'clock before they went into the house. Ann Lizy opened her bag, which she had laid on the parlor-table with the "Young Lady's Annuals" and "Mrs. Hemans' Poems." "I s'pose I must sew my patchwork," said she, in a miserable guilty little voice. Then she exclaimed. It was strange that, well as she knew there was no patchwork there, the actual discovery of nothing at all gave her a shock.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jane.

"I 've—lost my patchwork," said Ann Lizy.

Jane called her mother, and they consoled with Ann Lizy. Ann Lizy sat in one of Mrs. Baxter's rush-bottomed chairs and began to cry.

"Where did you lose it?" Mrs. Baxter asked.

"Don't cry, Ann Lizy, maybe we can find it."

"I s'pose I—lost it comin'," sobbed Ann Lizy.

"Well, I 'll tell you what 't is," said Mrs. Baxter; "you and Jane had better run up the road a piece, and likely as not you 'll find it; and I 'll have tea all ready when you come home. Don't feel so bad, child, you 'll find it, right where you dropped it."

But Ann Lizy and Jane, searching carefully along the road, did not find the patchwork where it had been dropped. "Maybe it 's blown away," suggested Jane, although there was hardly wind enough that afternoon to stir a feather. And the two little girls climbed over the stone walls, and searched in the fields, but they did not find the patchwork. Then another mishap befell Ann Lizy. She tore a three-cornered place in her best muslin delaine, getting over the wall. When she saw that she felt as if she were in a dreadful dream. "Oh, what will Grandma say!" she wailed.

"Maybe she won't scold," said Jane, consolingly.

"Yes, she will. Oh dear!"

The two little girls went dolefully home to tea. There were hot biscuits, and honey, and tarts, and short gingerbread, and custards, but Ann Lizy did not feel hungry. Mrs. Baxter tried to comfort her; she really saw not much to mourn over, except the rent in the best dress, as four squares of patchwork could easily be replaced; she did not see the true inwardness of the case.

At half-past five, Ann Lizy, miserable and tear-stained, the three-cornered rent in her best dress pinned up, started for home, and then — her grandmother's beautiful bead bag was not to be found. Ann Lizy and Jane both remembered that it had been carried when they set out to find the patchwork. Ann Lizy had meditated bringing the patchwork home in it.

"Aunt Cynthia made that bag for Grandma," said Ann Lizy in a tone of dull despair; this was beyond tears.

"Well, Jane shall go with you, and help find it," said Mrs. Baxter, "and I'll leave the tea-dishes and go too. Don't feel so bad, Ann Lizy, I know I can find it."

But Mrs. Baxter, and Jane, and Ann Lizy, all searching, could not find the bead bag. "My best handkerchief was in it," said Ann Lizy. It seemed to her as if all her best things were gone. She and Mrs. Baxter and Jane made a doleful little group in the road. The frogs were peeping, and the cows were coming home. Mrs. Baxter asked the boy who drove the cows if he had seen a green bead bag, or four squares of patchwork; he stared and shook his head.

Ann Lizy looked like a wilted meadow reed, the blue streamers on her hat drooped dejectedly, her best shoes were all dusty, and the three-cornered rent was the feature of her best muslin delaine dress that one saw first. Then her little delicate face was all tear-stains and downward curves. She stood there in the road as if she had not courage to stir.

"Now, Ann Lizy," said Mrs. Baxter, "you'd better run right home and not worry. I don't believe your Grandma'll scold you, when you tell her just how 't was."

Ann Lizy shook her head. "Yes, she will."

"Well, she'll be worrying about you if you ain't home before long, and I guess you'd better go," said Mrs. Baxter.

Ann Lizy said not another word; she began to move dejectedly toward home. Jane and her mother called many kindly words after her, but she did not heed them. She kept straight on, walking slowly until she was home. Her grandmother stood in the doorway watching for her. She had a blue-yarn stocking in her hands, and she was knitting fast as she watched.

"Ann Lizy, where have you been, late as this?" she called out as Ann Lizy came up the walk. "It's arter six o'clock."

Ann Lizy continued to drag herself slowly forward, but she made no reply.

"Why don't you speak?"

Ann Lizy crooked her arm around her face and began to cry. Her grandmother reached down, took her by the shoulder, and led her into the house. "What on airth is the matter, child?" said she; "have you fell down?"

"No, ma'am."

"What does ail you then?—Ann Lizy Jennings, how come that great three-cornered tear in your best dress?"

Ann Lizy sobbed.

"Answer me."

"I — tore it gittin' over — the wall."

"What were you gettin' over walls for in your best dress? I'd like to know what you s'pose you'll have to wear to meetin' now. Did n't I tell you not to get over walls in your best dress? — Ann Lizy Jennings, where is my bead bag?"

"I — lost it."

"Lost my bead bag?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you lose it, eh?"

"I lost it when — I was lookin' for — my patchwork."

"Did you lose your patchwork?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When?"

"When I was — goin' over to — Jane's."

"Lost it out of the bag?"

Ann Lizy nodded, sobbing.

"Then you went to look for it and lost the bag. Lost your best pocket-handkerchief too?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Old Mrs. Jennings stood looking at Ann Lizy.

"All that patchwork, cut out and basted jest as nice as could be, your best pocket-handkerchief, and my bead bag lost, and your meetin'

dress tore," said she; "well, you've done about enough for one day. Take off your things and go upstairs to bed. You can't go over to Jane Baxter's again for one spell, and every mite of the patchwork that goes into the quilt you've got to cut by a thread, and baste yourself, and to-morrow you've got to hunt for that patchwork and that bag till you find 'em, if it takes you all day. Go right along."

Ann Lizy took off her hat, and climbed meekly upstairs, and went to bed. She did not say her prayers; she lay there and wept. It was about half-past eight, the air coming through the open window was loud with frogs, and katydids, and whippoorwills, and the twilight was very deep, when Ann Lizy arose and crept downstairs. She could barely see her way.

There was a candle lighted in the south room, and her grandmother sat there knitting. Ann Lizy, a piteous little figure in her white nightgown, stood in the door.

"Well, what is it?" her grandmother said, in a severe voice that had a kindly inflection in it.

"Grandma—"

"What is it?"

"I lost my patchwork on purpose. I did n't want—to sew it."

"Lost your patchwork on purpose!"

"Yes—ma'am," sobbed Ann Lizy.

"Let it drop out of the bag on purpose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you did a dreadful wicked thing then. Go right back to bed."

Ann Lizy went back to bed and to sleep. Remorse no longer gnawed keenly enough at her clear childish conscience to keep her awake, now her sin was confessed. She said her prayers and went to sleep. Although the next morning the reckoning came, the very worst punishment was over for her. Her grandmother held the judicious use of the rod to be a part of her duty toward her beloved little orphan granddaughter, so she switched Ann Lizy with a little rod of birch and sent her forth full of salutary tinglings to search for the bead bag and the patchwork. All the next week Ann Lizy searched the fields and road for the missing articles, when she was not cutting calico patchwork by a thread and sewing over and over. It seemed to her that life was made up

of those two occupations, but at the end of a week the search, so far as the bead bag was concerned, came to an end.

On Saturday afternoon the parson's wife called on old Mrs. Jennings. The sweet, gentle young lady in her black silk dress, her pink cheeks, and smooth waves of golden hair gleaming through her worked lace veil entered the north room, which was the parlor, and sat down in the rocking-chair. Ann Lizy and her grandmother sat opposite, and they both noticed at the same moment that the parson's wife held in her hand—the bead bag!

Ann Lizy gave a little involuntary "oh"; her grandmother shook her head fiercely at her, and the parson's wife noticed nothing. She went on talking about the pinks out in the yard, in her lovely low voice.

As soon as she could, old Mrs. Jennings excused herself and beckoned Ann Lizy to follow her out of the room. Then, while she was arranging a square of pound-cake and a little glass of elderberry wine on a tray, she charged Ann Lizy to say nothing about the bead bag to the parson's wife. "Mind you act as if you did n't see it," said she; "don't sit there lookin' at it that way."

"But it's your bead bag, Grandma," said Ann Lizy in a bewildered way.

"Don't you say anything," admonished her grandmother. "Now carry this tray in, and be careful you don't spill the elderberry wine."

Poor Ann Lizy tried her best not to look at the bead bag, while the parson's wife ate pound-cake, sipped the elderberry wine, and conversed in her sweet, gracious way; but it did seem finally to her as if it were the bead bag instead of the parson's wife that was making the call. She kept wondering if the parson's wife would not say, "Mrs. Jennings, is this your bead bag?" but she did not. She made the call and took leave, and the bead bag was never mentioned. It was odd, too, that it was not; for the parson's wife, who had found the bead bag, had taken it with her on her round of calls that afternoon, partly to show it and find out, if she could, who had lost it. But here, it was driven out of her mind by the pound-cake and elderberry wine, or else she did not think it likely that an old lady like Mrs. Jennings could have

owned the bag. Younger ladies than she usually carried them. However it was, she went away with the bag.

"Why did n't she ask if it was yours?" inquired Ann Lizy, indignant in spite of her admiration for the parson's wife.

"Hush," said her grandmother. "You mind you don't say a word out about this, Ann Lizy. I ain't never carried it, and she did n't suspect."

Now, the bead bag was found after this unsatisfactory fashion, but Ann Lizy never went down the road without looking for the patchwork. She never dreamed how little Sally Putnam, the minister's wife's niece, was in the mean time sewing these four squares over and over, getting them ready to go into her quilt. It was a month later before she found it out, and it was strange that she discovered it at all.

It so happened that, one afternoon in the last of August, old Mrs. Jennings dressed herself in her best black bombazine, her best bonnet and mantilla and mitts, and also dressed Ann Lizy in her best muslin delaine, exquisitely mended, and set out to make a call on the parson's wife. When they arrived they found a chaise and white horse out in the parsonage yard, and the parson's wife's sister and family there on a visit. An old lady, Mrs. White, a friend of Mrs. Jennings, was also making a call.

Little Ann Lizy and Sally Putnam were introduced to each other, and Ann Lizy looked admiringly at Sally's long curls and low-necked dress, which had gold catches in the sleeves. They sat and smiled shyly at each other.

"Show Ann Lizy your patchwork, Sally," the parson's wife said presently. "Sally has got almost enough patchwork for a quilt, and she has brought it over to show me," she added.

Ann Lizy colored to her little slender neck; patchwork was nowadays a sore subject with her, but she looked on as Sally, proud and smiling, displayed her patch work.

Suddenly she gave a little cry. There was one of her squares! The calico with roses on a green ground was in Sally's patchwork.

Her grandmother shook her head energetically at her, but old Mrs. White had on her spectacles, and she, too, had spied the square.

"Why, Miss Jennings," she cried, "that 's jest like that dress you had so long ago!"

"Let me see," said Sally's mother quickly. "Why, yes; that is the very square you found, Sally. That is one; there were four of them, all cut and basted. Why, this little girl did n't lose them, did she?"

Then it all came out. The parson's wife was quick-witted, and she thought of the bead bag. Old Mrs. Jennings was polite, and said it did not matter; but when she and Ann Lizy went home, they had the bead bag, with the patchwork and the best pocket-handkerchief in it.

It had been urged that little Sally Putnam should keep the patchwork, since she had sewed it, but her mother was not willing.

"No," said she, "this poor little girl lost it, and Sally must n't keep it; it would n't be right."

Suddenly Ann Lizy straightened herself. Her cheeks were blazing red, but her black eyes were brave.

"I lost that patchwork on purpose," said she. "I did n't want to sew it. Then I lost the bag while I was lookin' for it."

There was silence for a minute.

"You are a good girl to tell of it," said Sally's mother, finally.

Ann Lizy's grandmother shook her head meaningly at Mrs. Putnam.

"I don't know about that," said she. "Ownin'-up takes away *some* of the sin, but it don't *all*."

But when she and Ann Lizy were on their homeward road, she kept glancing down at her granddaughter's small face. It struck her that it was not so plump and rosy as it had been.

"I think you 've had quite a lesson by this time about that patchwork," she remarked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ann Lizy.

They walked a little farther. The golden-rod and the asters were in blossom now, and the road was bordered with waving fringes of blue and gold. They came in sight of Jane Baxter's house.

"You may stop in Jane Baxter's, if you want to," said old Mrs. Jennings, "and ask her mother if she can come over and spend the day with you to-morrow. And tell her I say she 'd better not bring her sewing, and she 'd better not wear her best dress, for you and she ain't goin' to sew any, and mebbe you 'll like to go berryin', and play outdoors."



THE PRINCE AND THE BREWER'S SON.*

BY ELIZABETH BALCH.



BEAUTIFUL old place called Hinchingsbrooke, situated near the ancient town of Huntingdon, was in a flutter of excitement one bright sunny morning two hundred and eighty-six years ago, in the year 1603.

King James I. of England, with a large retinue of the nobles of his court, was to visit the more distant possessions of his kingdom; and in order to break the journey from London to the north, a very long and trying one in those days, he had announced his royal will and pleasure that a halt should be made over night at Hinchingsbrooke, a favorite resting-place for the sovereigns of that time when making a "royal progress," as their journeys were generally called.

With the King was to come the little Prince Charles, a delicate boy four years old, and this fact had given old Sir Henry Cromwell, the "Golden Knight," who was the owner of Hinchingsbrooke, more anxiety than anything else connected with the royal visit.

* The illustrations of Hinchingsbrooke House, and of the old Gateway, are drawn, by permission, from photographs by A. Maddison, Esq., Huntingdon, England.

"His Majesty can ride and hunt, and amuse himself with the noble game of chess, or with the sprightly conversation of the fair dames who will be only too proud to entertain him; but how we are to amuse a baby prince, is more than I can imagine."

To every one he met the good knight would repeat this dismal exclamation; but at last a happy thought came to his mind, and summoning a lad, he hastily penned a few lines, and bade the page carry them to his son, Robert the brewer, in the town of Huntingdon.

"Be off with you," the knight cried cheerily to the page, "and let not the weeds grow between the stones of the old wall before you are back again with grandson Oliver." Oliver was a little boy not much older than the prince himself.

As the page quickly sped away upon his errand, a well-satisfied expression came over the countenance of the doughty knight, and he rubbed his hands contentedly together while he mused to himself aloud.

"Not so badly devised, by my troth. The lads may take kindly to one another, and if Oliver makes a friend of the little Charles—who knows?—a king's son is not half a bad friend for a young fellow to have."

Flags were flying from the towers and battlements of Hinchbrook, while the royal standard of England floated proudly above the gray old buildings which formerly had been a nunnery; and in the spot where holy women once had prayed, soldiers in gay uniforms now laughed and joked, while richly dressed courtiers and numberless attendants crowded the court-yards and corridors, and horses in rich trappings filled the stables. Every part of the establishment

the grand old trees, where perhaps the warmth of the golden sunshine might bring a more generous color into the pallid face.

In striking contrast to the delicate prince was the lad Oliver. Strong and sturdy, with bright red cheeks and a round fat face healthily browned by fresh country air, he came gravely and slowly through the old arched gateway, not in the least intimidated by the glittering uniforms and gay attire of all these grand people, and quietly advanced to the spot where the King stood, holding the hand of the little Charles.

Sir Henry, the "Golden Knight," with a deep reverence to his sovereign, presented his grandson Oliver. The baby prince took off his velvet



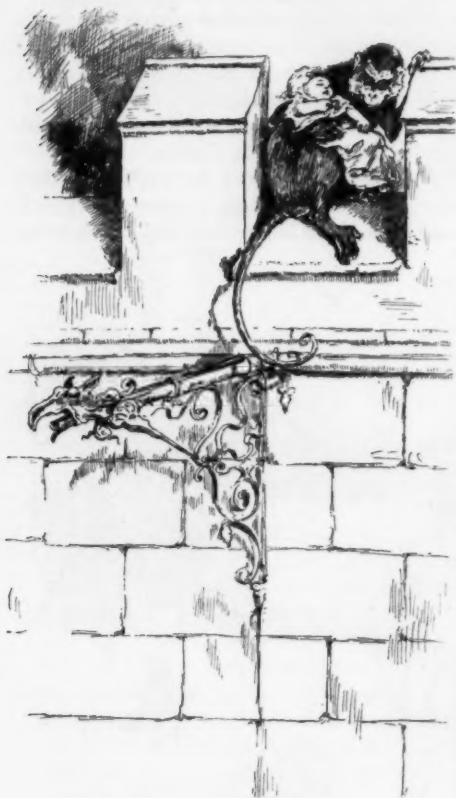
"BE OFF WITH YOU," THE KNIGHT CRIED CHEERILY TO THE PAGE."

showed signs of unusual life and excitement, all being anxious that the King should be pleased, and that the pale little prince, who looked so fragile and delicate, should play happily under

hat with its long white plume, and bowed graciously to the boy who looked so strong and healthy, yet who was so curiously grave. Oliver could not bow in a courtly way as Charles

did, but only went awkwardly forward, when his grandfather, placing a hand upon his shoulder, tried to make him bend his short, fat legs before youthful royalty.

The King with one hand patted the closely



THE PET MONKEY AND THE BABY.

cropped head of the knight's grandson, while the other rested on the golden curls of the baby Charles, his heir, and with a cheery smile he bade the boys go play together, and told them to be friendly one with another.

Holding out his tiny hand to the silent, sturdy Oliver, the little prince clasped the other's strong, brown fingers in childish confidence, and the two passed out under the gray stone gateway with its carved figures of ancient Britons supporting the arch. Out they went into the lovely park beyond, where the sunshine danced merrily in and out among the branches of the trees,

playing hide-and-seek with the quivering leaves, and the grass was spread out like a soft green carpet, upon which the children could play as merrily as the birds above them sang.

The attendants talked among themselves, casting glances every now and then toward the daintily clad little prince, whose curls were shining like gold in the sunshine, and whose pale cheeks flushed with pleasure as the other boy told of the rabbits which sometimes ran across the park, and promised that, if the little visitor would keep very still, some of these rabbits would surely come, and then they could jump at them, frighten them, and chase them across the grass.

Young princes are not taught to be patient, and Charles soon tired of waiting quietly for the rabbits. He proposed that Oliver should be harnessed with some fine silk reins and driven with a silver-mounted whip which was among the toys the prince's attendants had brought from London.

But Oliver was unwilling to be harnessed and flatly refused to be whipped. Unused to opposition, the prince grew petulant and, at last, in a teasing way, half struck young Oliver across the shoulders with the lash of the new whip.

Oliver's brown face grew crimson, and doubling his fist in a threatening manner, he turned upon the royal child saying angrily:

"You shall *never* drive me, nor whip me with your stupid little whip! I will not allow it!" And then, before the prince could answer, the angry boy struck him full in the face with his clenched fist. A moment later the attendants, startled by loud cries, came running up, and were horrified to see the blood streaming from the prince's nose over his pretty lace collar and velvet frock.

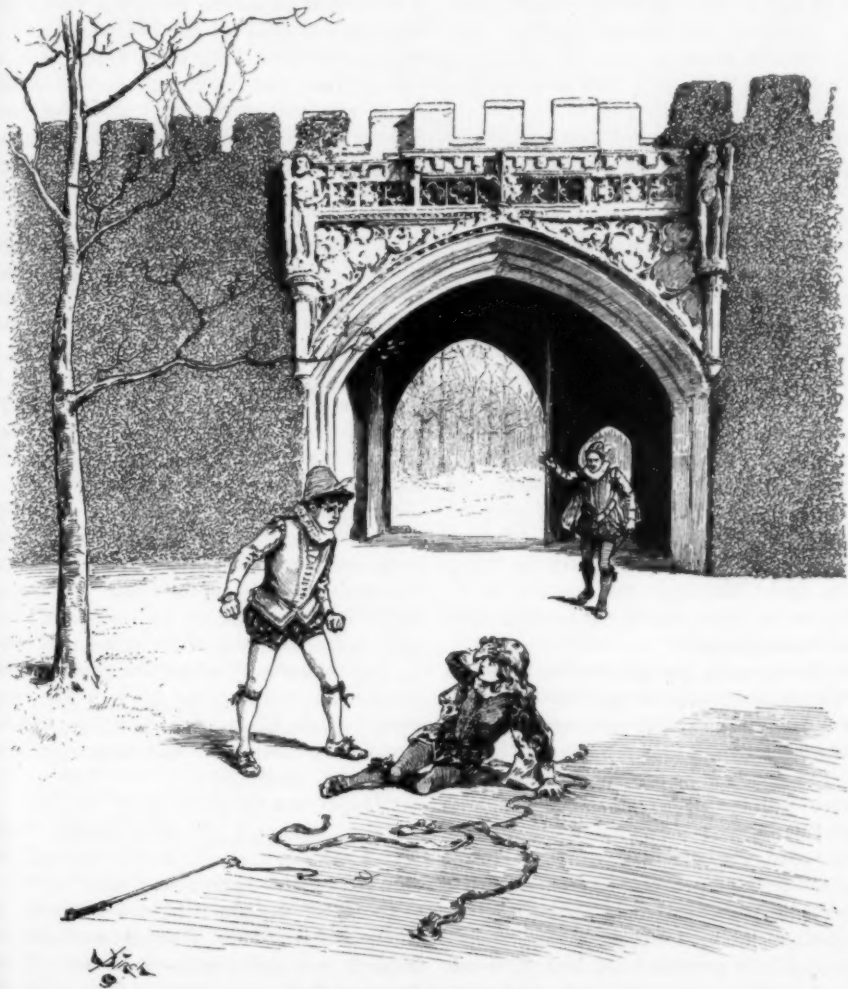
Oliver was sent home to Huntingdon in disgrace, and all the pleasant visions of good Sir Henry faded away, for surely now his grandson could never make a friend of Charles Stuart.

And yet, many great things had been predicted for the boy. When he was an infant asleep in his cradle, one summer day at Hinchbrook, a pet monkey had crept into the room, and, carefully lifting up the baby from his bed, had carried him to the roof of the house. All the household were terrified, and quickly brought beds and mattresses, that the child might

fall unharmed should the monkey drop him. The sagacious animal, however, brought the little fellow safe back again. But had he dropped the baby over the stone battlements upon the rough ground below, the fate of King Charles might have been a very different one.

The wise men of the day professed to believe that this extraordinary adventure with the monkey was a sign that the child would do great things; and when, some years later, Oliver insisted that in a dream he had seen a tall man who came to his bedside, and, opening the curtains

of his bed, told him he should one day be the greatest person in the kingdom, these wise men were more than ever convinced that a great future was in store for the remarkable boy. His father told him that it was wicked, as well as foolish, to make such an assertion, for it was disloyal to the King to even hint that a greater than he could exist in the land; but Oliver still persisted in saying that the vision was true, adding that the tall figure had not said that he should be King, but only "the greatest person in the kingdom." So vexed was his father with



OLIVER AND THE PRINCE QUARREL.

him about this silly tale, that he told Dr. Beard, the Master of the free grammar-school which Oliver attended in Huntingdon, to punish him well, and see whether flogging would not drive these foolish ideas out of his head. Even after floggings, however, the boy continued at times to repeat the story to his uncle Steward, although his uncle also told him that it was little less than traitorous to relate the prophecy.

• While Oliver was at this grammar-school, according to ancient custom a play was acted by the pupils. The one chosen was an old comedy called "Lingua," and no part in it would satisfy Oliver Cromwell save that of "Tactus," who had to enact a scene in which a crown and other regalia are discovered. This scene seemed peculiarly to fascinate him.

During this period, when Oliver's mind was thus dwelling upon mimic crowns, the boy whom he had once struck that hasty blow under the shady trees at Hinchbrook, had become heir to a real crown, by the death of his elder brother Prince Henry.

Having now grown from a sickly child to be a high-spirited, handsome youth, with his friend the Duke of Buckingham he had traveled to Spain in search of adventure, and also in order to see the young Spanish princess whom the King, his father, wished him to marry. On their way the two young men stopped in Paris. There, at a masked ball, they saw the lovely Henrietta Maria, sister of the French king; and after this there was no possibility that the Spanish Infanta should become Queen of England, for Prince Charles could not forget the fair face of the French beauty; and in course of time Henrietta Maria became his wife.

All this time the boy Oliver, also grown to man's estate, lived on in the quiet town of Huntingdon, near the beautiful park where he had played with the baby prince, and where he had refused so stoutly to be the child's horse, and to be driven with the silken reins and the whip with the silver bells.

The good old grandfather, the "Golden Knight" Sir Henry Cromwell, was dead and buried, long since, and could no more rebuke his grandson for his hasty, unyielding temper. There had been another royal visit to Hinchbrook, with great feastings and ceremonials;

but it was Oliver Cromwell (not the boy Oliver, but a son of the doughty knight, Sir Henry) who now reigned over the lordly house and lands, and this time the King had come without the prince, and the two boys who once fought under the shade of the branching oaks were pursuing each his own life, little dreaming how those lives should influence one another.

It was while the King was at Hinchbrook, upon his second visit, that Oliver Cromwell's father, the brewer Robert, lay grievously sick, "somewhat indifferent to royal progresses," and in 1617 he died, leaving his son—then about eighteen—as head of the little household at Huntingdon. Not long after, Oliver also, as well as Prince Charles, brought home a smiling young wife, and as the years passed on baby children played under the trees where he and the little prince had played—but let us hope there were neither doubled fists nor bleeding noses.

While Charles's life was a gay and stirring one, Oliver's was grave and quiet, and Oliver himself grew more and more solemn and silent, and finally he and other serious-thinking men decided that the King was a tyrant; the country, he thought, would be better without him, and he joined these other discontented ones who thought the same, and who determined to make war against Charles, and the too merry, careless life which they thought he was leading.

Sometime before, while yet a boy, Oliver had fallen into the river Ouse, which runs sleepily by the old town of Huntingdon; and the curate of a church near by, in the village of Connington, who was walking on the river-bank at the time, pulled him out of the water, and saved his life. Afterward, when Cromwell marched through this town at the head of his troops, going to fight Charles Stuart, he saw and recognized the curate who had been his rescuer, and asked, smilingly:

"Do you not remember me?"

"Yes," answered the loyal curate; "but I wish I had put you in the river rather than have seen you in arms against the King!"

Cromwell thought it right to overturn the throne, and he did so. Whether his acts were all inspired by a desire to carry out the will of a Supreme Being, as he asserted them to be, is to

this day a disputed point of history and will probably remain so until the end of time.

In 1627, beautiful Hinchinbrooke passed out of the hands of the Cromwells, and became the home of the noble family of Montague; and, some four years later, Oliver Cromwell left Huntingdon and went to live at St. Ives, where

dream, and the vision of the tall man beside his bed who promised that he should become the "greatest man in the kingdom"; and ambition may have tempted him along the bold path he had chosen. Perhaps he thought that he was really doing right in thus trying to make away with the authority of the King—who can tell?



CROMWELL AND THE CURATE.

can still be seen the bridge across the Ouse about which was written the quaint old puzzle:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks;
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?"

During many weary years the struggle went on between King Charles and his Parliament—Oliver Cromwell joining with the latter, and becoming one of the principal opponents of his sovereign. Perhaps he thought of his boyhood's

It is always difficult to understand men's motives. Certain it is that the royal cause went from bad to worse; the army of Charles was defeated and repulsed on every side, and the army of the Parliament, to which Cromwell belonged, was triumphant everywhere.

Poor King Charles! He was no longer gay and happy, but sad and very miserable. His Queen secretly left England, and in a foreign country sold the beautiful crown-jewels which had been worn at so many splendid fêtes and entertainments, in order to obtain money for her husband's soldiers. But it was all of no use; the Parliament, with Oliver Cromwell at the head

of its armies, finally conquered, and at last the King himself fell into the hands of his enemies and was held a prisoner. And now Cromwell determined that Charles Stuart, with whom he had once played as a little boy, should die.

Before his death Charles was allowed to see his children,—the two at least who were in England at the time,—the Princess Elizabeth and the little Duke of Gloucester. After sending a message by his daughter to his wife, Henrietta Maria, whom he could never see again, the King took his little son upon his knee and said gravely to him: "My dear heart, they will soon cut off thy father's head. Mark it, my child, they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee a king. But, mark what I say, thou must not be a king so long as thy brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The brave child replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" Then the unhappy father gave the two his blessing and said good-bye. Even the stern soldier Oliver was touched by the grief of the wretched King and of the poor little prince and princess, who knew that they should never again sit upon their father's knee, or hear his voice, or see his face. After this came a dark and dreadful day when the King was led out from the palace of Whitehall to die upon a scaffold.

History has made the rest of the story familiar; and very likely many of you have read the warrant ordering the execution of the King, and have seen among the first of the signatures to it, the name of the King's former playmate, the son of the brewer of Huntingdon.

As Oliver Cromwell signed his name in firm, clear characters to that cruel document, did he recall the sunshiny day at lovely Hinchbrook, and the pale little prince who had held out his baby hand in such friendly fashion, and laughed so gleefully when the sturdy, brown-faced boy, with whom his father had bid him "be friends," told of the rabbits that sometimes scampered over the grass under the spreading trees? Or did he remember the angry words he had spoken when the little child in turn had told of his silken reins, and his whip with silver bells? And the blow he had dealt which made the blood flow and drew forth a cry of pain? Then the cry had been soon hushed, but on that gloomy January day, in 1648, the King's head lay severed from his body, and Charles Stuart was silent for ever.

The brewer's son continued his career until his dream came true; for the day came when he could write his name as "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

He was the "greatest person in the kingdom."



THE CRICKET.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

DAINTY-Allis, here 's a cricket,
Trim and nimble, brave and bold,
Caught a-chirping in a thicket,
When the year was growing old.

He 's a patient little hummer,
Though he only knows one song ;
He 's been practicing all summer,
And he never sings it wrong.

He was piping under hedges
After all the birds had flown,
Trilling loud from stony ledges,
Making merry, all alone.

If the bearded grasses wavered
Underneath the lightest foot,
His sharp murmur sudden quavered
Into silence at the root.

Now the cricket comes to bring you
Cheery thoughts in time of frost ;
And a summer song he 'll sing you
When the summer sunshine 's lost.

You 'll be listening till you 're guessing
Pleasant meanings in the sound,
May the cricket's good-night blessing
Bring the happy dreams around !

Many and many a year hereafter
You will hear the same blithe tune,
For though you should outlive laughter,
Crickets still will chirp in June.

If some future summer passes
Homesick, in a foreign land,
There 'll be speech among the grasses,
That your heart will understand.

As you listen in the wild-wood
To that merry monotone,
It will bring you back your childhood
When you are a woman grown.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



WHILE the other boys in Bloom-boro' were saving up their pennies to buy whistles and pop-guns and caramels, or base-ball bats and bicycles, according to their various ages and tastes or to the seasons, Tom Pickernell was always saving up to buy tools. Sometimes they were of one kind, sometimes of another. He had bought even farming tools, although he had the lowest possible opinion of farming. His grandfather seemed to think that farming was the chief end of man; he was determined that Tom should be a farmer whether he liked or not; but he believed in good old-fashioned ways, and refused to buy any "new-fangled" machinery. Tom argued and argued, but his grandfather would not listen. He was scornful of all Tom's great undertakings in the mechanical line, and even Grandma, who usually had some sympathy with a boy, laughed until she cried at his idea of inventing a machine which should "instantly separate milk into its component parts." No tedious waiting for cream to rise, no slow and back-aching churning process. (Tom had reason to feel deeply on this point.) Almost in the twinkling of an eye the milk, as it came from the cow, was to be changed into butter and buttermilk. Cynthia, the hired girl, said it was "flyin' in the face of Proverduce to talk like that," and was sure that a boy who did n't believe in churnin' would "surely turn out an infiddle."

Tom knew that the great creameries had improved upon the old-fashioned churns, but their improvements were only child's play compared to what he meant to do. He kept on thinking over his plans, and experimenting as far as he

could, in spite of every one's jeers, although he became so exasperated sometimes, when people *would n't* understand him, that he would lie down on his face in the pine grove, and dig his fingers into the soil, and kick. But that was when he was younger. He was fourteen now, and had discovered that it was better to fight manfully against obstacles than to kick the empty air. He had also begun to learn that he did n't know so much as he thought he did; and this was a very hopeful sign for Tom, for it is n't taught in the grammar-school books, and seems to be a neglected branch even at the universities.

He had begun to understand, also, why he was "a trial," as Grandma and Cynthia said. He could n't see but that a boy had a right to take things to pieces, if he put them together again; but sometimes, quite unexpectedly, they failed to go together as they were before. This (as in the case of the alarm-clock, and Grandma's long-cherished music-box) was annoying, Tom candidly acknowledged. He felt so unhappy about those failures, that he forbore to remind them, when they scolded him, that he had made Grandma's worn-out egg-beater better than when it was new, and repaired Cynthia's long-broken accordion, so that now she could enjoy herself, playing and singing "Hark, from the Tombs," on rainy Sunday evenings.

It was a discouraging world, in Tom's opinion, but he was, nevertheless, still determined to invent, some day, The Instantaneous Butter-maker. Many, many times, in imagination, he had gone over all the details of a wonderful success with that invention, even to Grandpa's noble and candid confession (generally accompanied by tears) that he had misunderstood and wronged Tom; but the details were becoming modified as he grew older; he had begun to strongly doubt whether any such thing could ever be expected of Grandpa. There had been a schoolmaster at

Bloomboro' for one winter, who held the con-soling belief that a boy might not be altogether a dunce although he was so "mixed up" in geography as to declare that Constantinople was the capital of Indiana, and was unable to regard English grammar as anything but a hopeless conundrum. Out of school he taught Tom geometry, and was astonished at his quickness. He even confided to Grandpa that he should not be surprised if Tom turned out a genius.

But this had anything but the desired effect upon Grandpa; for to his mind a genius was an out-at-elbows fellow who played on the fiddle, and eventually came to the poor-house. Grandma's idea was even worse: she said that if Tom's father had lived he would know how to bring Tom up so that he would n't turn out a genius, but she was afraid they should n't;—she thought it all came of his mother being a Brown.

But Grandma was too kind and sympathetic to be hard upon a boy, as Grandpa was. She laughed at him, and sometimes sighed dreadfully,—that was almost the hardest thing for Tom to bear,—and occasionally confided privately to Grandpa that she "was n't going to believe but that Tom would turn out as well as any boy, he was so kind-hearted and affectionate; and as for smartness, what other boy could make a fox-trap out of his own head?" Sly Grandma knew that Grandpa valued that fox-trap because it was useful on the farm, and so she kept it in remembrance. Tom had no sympathizers among the boys. He liked Jo Whipple best of any, but Jo was a famous scholar; he could recite whole pages of history without missing a word; in dates you could seldom catch him tripping; he could see sense in grammar, and he was going to study Greek with the minister. And Tom shrewdly suspected that Jo secretly thought him a fool. Jed Appleby was the only boy in Bloomboro' who had any interest in Tom's favorite pursuits, and Tom had painful doubts of his honesty and thought Jed meant to steal his inventions. So it happened that when Tom wished for that sympathy which is a necessity to most of us he was forced to seek it from Caddy Jane.

Caddy Jane was his cousin, and she was an orphan, too, and was being brought up by Grandpa and Grandma. It was Tom's opinion

that that process was less hard upon a girl than upon a boy—and perhaps he was right; nevertheless, Caddy Jane had her private griefs. Grandma dressed her as little girls were dressed when she was young, and the other girls jeered at her pantalettes. Then, too, Grandma did n't approve of banged hair; she said Nature had given Caddy Jane "a beautiful high forehead," and she was n't going to have it spoiled; so she parted Caddy's hair in the middle and strained it back as tightly as possible into the tightest of little braids at the back. Tom wondered, sometimes, with a sense of the hollowness of life, if it were not that straining back of her hair which gave Caddy Jane's eyes the round, wide-open look which he took for wonder and admiration, when he showed her his machinery or told her his plans. It was certainly quite doubtful whether Caddy Jane understood, at all. Tom, in his heart, suspected her of being a very stupid little thing, but she had this agreeable way of looking with round-eyed, open-mouthed wonder at one's productions, and would listen silently and with apparent interest to the longest outpouring of one's interests and plans; and if this is not sympathy it is certainly not a bad substitute for it. And if Caddy Jane was a little stupid, well,—it would be uncomfortable not to be able to feel superior to a girl, Tom thought; and if she had been quick at her lessons he knew he should not have liked her half so much. Caddy Jane not only found geography hard, but she was struggling with skepticisms as well. She did not believe that the earth was round, because, if it were, why did not the Chinamen fall off? Once when Grandpa had taken her with him to market, at Newtown, she had slipped, all by herself, into a Chinaman's laundry and asked him if he could walk head downward, like a fly, and the Chinaman had positively disclaimed any such ability. This (to Caddy Jane's mind the only possible solution of the mystery) having failed, she felt that there was nothing for a rational mind to do but to resign itself to a bold and dreadful doubt of the Geography. This seemed so reckless, and her trouble was so great, that she confided in Tom; although she was, as her grandmother said, "a dreadful close-mouthed little thing." The doubt grew still more painful when she discovered, through

Tom's jests and evasions, that he knew no more about it than she. He said he could n't stop to explain it, and a girl need n't bother herself about such things, but she might ask Jo Whipple. Jo Whipple!—who made most unpleasant faces at her through a hole in the fence, and whooped dismally in the dusk while she ran across the field to carry the Scammons' milk! Caddy Jane felt that it would be quite impossible to ask him, and, moreover, she did n't believe that he knew any more than Tom, and said so, which was very gratifying to Tom. When one is conscious of being generally regarded as a dunce, it is agreeable to have even a silly little thing like Caddy Jane believe in one. So Caddy Jane was a real consolation to Tom, and there was no drawback to the pleasure of their meetings, except the fact that Caddy Jane's boots were almost always squeaky (Grandma believed in good, stout, economical ones), and Tom's enterprises were so strongly disapproved of that he was obliged to carry them on in the privacy of the old granary, which had been abandoned to rats and mice and weather.

It made a great stir at the farm when, one day, a letter came from Cousin David Creighton, asking if his wife and daughter might spend the summer there. He was going to Europe, and his wife wanted to be where she could have perfect rest from excitement and gayety, and he wanted Dulcie ("that is the little girl, I suppose," Grandma said, adjusting her glasses for the twentieth time in her excitement as she read the letter, "though of *all* the names I ever heard of—!") he wanted Dulcie to have cows' milk and country fare generally, and to get acquainted with Bloomboro', where he had been a boy.

Cousin David Creighton had been a very poor boy in Bloomboro'. He had been fatherless and motherless and homeless, sheltered here and there, where any one would have him, and "bound out" to the miller; he had picked berries to pay for his winter shoes, and known the physical and mental trials of outgrown jackets and trousers. And then, suddenly, he had taken his fortunes into his own hands, and slipped away from Bloomboro'; and scarcely any one cared to inquire where he had gone, and for years no one knew. The miller's wife had a theory that he had died of overeating, for she never knew a

boy to have such an appetite. When his name began to appear often in the New York papers that found their way to Bloomboro', the old men would look at one another and wonder if it could be the one. The doubt was ended when a commercial traveler, who knew all about David Creighton, appeared at the Bloomboro' hotel. It *was* their David, and, according to the commercial traveler, he could buy a gold mine every morning before breakfast, if he cared to, and carried two or three of the great railroads in his pocket. Grandpa said he 'most wished he had given David a dollar when he went away. He had thought of it, when he saw him tying up his bundle, but he was only a kind of second cousin, and he had been afraid, too, that he would n't make a good use of it. And Grandma said David's story was "like a made-up one in a picture-paper, and it seemed kind o' light-minded to listen to it." But the Bloomboro' boys listened, and the heart of many a one burned within him.

David's wife was a fine city lady; the commercial traveler had heard wonderful reports of her diamonds and her turnouts. Grandma was afraid she would put on airs, and not be satisfied with anything; but Grandpa said he did n't "see how they could refuse, bein' 't was relations"—besides, crops had been poor for two years and the bank-account was running low. Grandpa thought much about that.

So the letter was sent, saying that David's wife and daughter might come; and Caddy Jane scarcely slept a wink three nights, for thinking and wondering about Dulcie, who was just nine, as she was; but Tom did n't trouble himself in the least about the expected guests, having weightier matters on his mind.

He had been at work for months, in his spare time, on a miniature threshing-machine of his own invention. Grandpa was so discouragingly old-fashioned as to believe in a boy and a flail as a threshing-machine. In Tom's opinion the horse-power threshing-machines, which some of the Bloomboro' farmers boasted, were not much better. His machinery was somewhat complicated, and he had not yet quite decided whether the motive power should be steam or electricity, though he had leanings toward the latter. He had kept many midnight vigils in the old gran-

ary, with no company except now and then a bright-eyed, inquisitive mouse, and he thought in about a week or two he should finish the machine to his satisfaction. It was disheartening to find that Caddy Jane had transferred her interest almost entirely to the expected guests. And Jo Whipple was continually urging him to go fishing. A boy who thought great thoughts must think them alone, Tom reflected, bitterly.

Cousin David Creighton came to Bloomboro' with his wife and daughter. They brought a French maid, their pug-dog, and a great amount of luggage; but, nevertheless, Caddy Jane and even Grandma herself were somewhat disappointed at the appearance of the party, for they did n't look in the least as if they came out of a fairy-book, as Caddy Jane expected, or even a picture-paper, they were so plainly dressed; and Grandma felt sure they had on their best clothes, because no one in Bloomboro' would think of wearing anything else on a journey. And Grandma thought Dulcie such a queer, "outlandish-looking" little girl, with her hair down to her eyes, and her dresses down to her shoes and far too short-waisted. Grandma hoped she could have the Bloomboro' dressmaker "fix her up a little" before the minister's wife called.

Although they were both nine, Dulcie and Caddy Jane looked askance at each other. It was only when, the day after the arrival, Dulcie needed sympathy in a great trouble that the ice was broken between them, and they immediately became great friends. Dulcie's dearest doll, Jacquetta, had been carelessly packed, and a heavy box pressing upon her had maimed and disfigured her for life.

Caddy Jane went flying through the woodshed that afternoon, with Jacquetta under her arm, to meet Tom. "O Tom, you *never* saw anything like her! Such a beauty! and she feels orfley! She cried and cried, and—you don't think you could mend her, do you, Tom? And anyway I want you to hear her talk; *that* was n't broken, and it's almost enough to frighten you, and oh! Tom, what is the matter?"

Caddy Jane's tone suddenly changed, for she discovered, as Tom came nearer, that his face was pale and his eyes so dark that they looked unlike Tom's soft, blue ones, and his teeth were set tightly together; altogether he looked almost

as if he were not Tom at all, as Caddy Jane said to herself. She had never seen him look so but once before, and that was when Samp' Peters set his fierce dog upon Tom's white kitten, and the kitten's back was broken.

"Do tell me what it is, Tom?" said Caddy Jane.

Tom set his teeth more tightly together, and then, suddenly, it came over him that it would be a relief to tell Caddy Jane. It always was,—perhaps because she was such a foolish little thing; she never gave any advice. Tom did n't like advice when he felt miserable.

"They were going over the farm, Grandpa and Cousin David Creighton," began Tom, in a strained, high-keyed voice, which he tried very hard to keep calm and steady. "Cousin David wanted to see the places that he remembered. I did n't think they would go into the old granary, it's such a tumble-down old place, but they did, and Grandpa rummaged around. He saw some of my tools—I've got careless since nobody ever goes there—and that made him suspect. I was away down on the edge of the swamp when I saw them in there; you'd better believe I ran! When I got to the door Grandpa had my model in his hand. I screamed out. I don't know what I said, but I tried to tell him what it was. I thought if I could make him understand that it would do more in five minutes than two men in a week!—but it was of no use; he had that smile on his face that just maddens a fellow. He threw my model down on the floor and set his foot on it."

"Oh, Tom!" Caddy Jane stepped upon some wood to make her tall enough, and put her arm around Tom's neck. Tom shook her off, after a moment; he thought the fellows would call him "a softy" if they should see her. But Caddy Jane knew that he was not displeased, for he went on to say, not without a little choking in his throat:

"And that is n't the worst, Caddy Jane."

"O Tom, what *could* be worse?" cried Caddy Jane.

"That man—Cousin David Creighton—acted as if he meant to be kind; he picked up the pieces and looked them over; he stayed after Grandpa had gone out; and he asked me about the machine. And he said I had made a mis-

take. I did n't believe him at first, but he showed it to me. Caddy, it would n't have gone, anyway!"

"But you could have made it right, Tom! You can make it over and make it go!" cried Caddy Jane, with intense conviction.

"He said I did n't know enough: that I was too ambitious; that I must learn things first. And it's true! That's the very worst of it! I don't believe I shall ever make anything that will go. I may as well dig potatoes all my life, as Grandpa wishes me to."

"Oh, Tom, you will make things that will go! I *know* you will," cried Caddy Jane. "You would n't think such wonderful things unless you could do them. Things will go wrong just at first. I thought I should never learn to heel and toe off, and now you can't tell my stockings from Grandma's. And you are so smart," she added quickly, feeling it presumptuous to compare herself, in any way, to Tom. "And oh, Tom, there are so many troubles! Dulcie has cried and cried. Just look here! Her beautiful nose all flattened, her eye dropped out, her cheek crushed in, and her dear arm broken off!"

Caddy Jane held up the melancholy wreck of a golden-haired wax doll.

"Pooh! girls' rubbish," growled Tom, thinking that Caddy Jane was going to be much less satisfactory, now that this new girl had come.

"But listen, Tom!"

"Pa-pa!" "Mam-ma!" said the golden-haired doll, not in a faint voice, as one might expect from her condition, but quite distinctly.

Tom fairly jumped; talking dolls were quite unknown to Bloomboro'. Then he seized the doll eagerly from Caddy Jane's hands, and squeezed it again and again.

"I wonder how they do it! I wonder what the machinery is like!" he exclaimed. "She's all smashed up, anyway. That girl would n't mind if I should take her to pieces, would she?"

Tom had quite forgotten his troubles for the moment; his face was all aglow.

"Oh, Tom!" Caddy Jane's accent was full of horror. "I don't know what she *would* say. She says she thinks just as much as ever of her. And she feels orfey because, she says, she has neglected her lately for a colored doll that was

given her in Boston. She's only made of kid, and she's got raveled yarn for wool, and bead eyes, and she's not so *very* much better-looking than my old Dinah; but she never saw a colored doll before, and she thinks she is perfectly fascinating; that's what she says, 'perfectly fascinating'; and her name is Nancy Ray, and she says if she could only talk, like Jacquetta—"

Tom was gazing at Jacquetta with speculative and longing eyes.

"You might leave her here. I will mend her arm some time," he said, with an assumption of indifference.

"Oh, I could n't do that. You might take her to pieces—of course you would n't mean to, but you might without thinking—and perhaps she would n't go together again!" said Caddy Jane, with a vivid recollection of some of Tom's enterprises.

"You'd better take her away just as quick as you can. She might get a scratch—such a handsome new doll!" sneered Tom.

Caddy hesitated. She could never bear to have Tom cross, and he was looking dejected again.

"I might ask Dulcie if she would like to have you mend her arm," she said.

"Well, go along, and don't keep talking about it. It is n't worth while," said Tom, crossly.

Caddy Jane was back in a minute.

"She says she does n't care. They're making a new red dress for Nancy Ray, Dulcie and the French woman are, and I think Dulcie is almost forgetting about Jacquetta."

"Leave old Jacket here, then," said Tom, quite restored to good-nature. "And, I say, Caddy Jane, you might get up a little picnic for that girl. It would be nice to go down to Plunkett's pond and stay all day."

Caddy Jane caught readily at the idea. She said she would go, this very minute, and see what Grandma thought about it. She looked back wistfully at Jacquetta. Although she was nine, Caddy Jane still had the feelings of a mother toward dolls, and she strongly suspected that Jacquetta was about to be sacrificed to Tom's spirit of investigation. And there was the dreadful doubt whether she would go together again! But Caddy Jane struggled against her feelings, for Tom's sake—poor Tom, whose

precious model had been crushed under Grandpa's heel!

Tom, the moment he was alone, thrust Jacquetta under his jacket, as far as she would go, and set out for the old granary. A half-hour before, he had said to himself that he could never bear to enter that place again; but now he pushed aside the ruins of his model with only a dull pang of remembrance, so absorbing was his curiosity about this wonderful new machinery.

He mended the arm first. It seemed a great waste of time; but that girl might take it into her head to want the doll suddenly, and she might make a fuss and cry. She was evidently not a girl like Caddy Jane, whom a fellow could put in her proper place. It is to be feared that the mending of that arm did small credit to Tom's mechanical skill; it certainly was a very hurried performance. And when it was done he carefully locked the granary door, and proceeded to discover what made Jacquetta say "Papa" and "Mamma."

He worked for a long time, and sometimes his forehead was puckered up into a very hard frown, and several times he uttered a little exclamation of satisfaction. Once he longed so much for Caddy Jane that he was tempted to go in search of her. He had made a discovery which he wished so much to tell to some one.

He had taken the machinery all apart, and he could put it together again; he would have liked to have Grandma and every one know that; but it did seem a great pity to fasten it up again in that old ruin of a doll.

Suddenly so bright an idea struck Tom that he threw his cap up among the cobwebby beams of the granary. "I'll go and stir Caddy Jane up about that picnic. I'll make her have it to-morrow. I can't wait," he said to himself. "Nobody could blame a fellow for trying such a scientific experiment as that." He quite surprised Grandma by his zeal in making preparations for the picnic, as he was not at all in the habit of being attentive to guests, and had shown a strong inclination to run away from "that girl." When the morning of the picnic came, Grandma thought he seemed more like himself, for he steadfastly refused to go.

"That boy is up to something; 't is n't any use to tell me!" Cynthia sagely remarked, as

Tom prowled restlessly about the house, evidently in search of something.

At length, in a secluded corner of the piazza, he seemed to find what he sought and ran off with it to the old granary; and nothing more was seen of him for that day.

The picnic party returned late, and although it was plain to Caddy Jane's experienced eye that Tom had something on his mind, he did not confide in her. She observed that he continually cast anxious glances at a certain corner of the piazza; and when Grandma had sent him out to find a stray chicken which was peeping disconsolately in the tall grass, she went to see what there could be in that corner. But she found nothing except Nancy Ray, sitting in the carriage which had been poor Jacquetta's, just as her mistress had left her. She did not think it possible that Tom could have any interest in Nancy Ray; it was not long ago that he had terribly wounded her feelings by letting all the sawdust run out of her first doll, in an investigating spirit, and since then he had shown only scorn of dolls. She would have liked to ask him about Jacquetta, but he gave her no opportunity.

Early the next morning Dulcie went across the field with Caddy Jane, on an errand to Mrs. Scammon. As they passed the old granary, Dulcie caught sight of a bit of striped ribbon fluttering from the top of a tall thistle near the door. "It is Jacquetta's belt!" she exclaimed. "I should know it anywhere. Oh, my poor, dear Jacquetta! I wonder if he has mended her arm. This is the little house where you said he works, is n't it? Let us go in and see if we can find her."

Caddy Jane objected, but Dulcie had already pushed open the door. And it was quite useless, as Caddy Jane had found already, to object to anything that Dulcie wished to do. She opened drawers and peered into boxes and barrels, while Caddy Jane, filled with anxious forebodings, begged her to come away; and at last, at the same time, they both caught sight of some golden locks, a waxen cheek, a collapsed, dismembered body! These fragments lay on a table, in a heap of rubbish partially covered with shavings.

"Oh, oh, that cruel, wicked boy! he has broken her all to pieces! And she was the very dearest

doll I ever had! And you said he would mend her! Oh, how could I trust you! Oh, my poor, dear Jacquetta!"

Dulcie's grief waxed louder upon reflection. She heaped reproaches upon Caddy Jane. She ran toward the house, in spite of all Caddy's entreaties, crying with grief and rage. Caddy saw, with a sinking heart, that Grandpa and Dulcie's father were standing together upon the piazza. Grandpa would be very angry. Tom's passion for taking things to pieces was the one thing with which he had no patience. And he had especially enjoined upon both Tom and Caddy to be very polite and attentive to the guests. Oh, what *would* happen to Tom?

There he was now, coming around the corner of the house, just in time to see the doll's mangled remains in Dulcie's hands, and to hear her woful complaint, poured out with tears and sobs. Grandpa's face was like a thunder-cloud, and when he asked Tom, in a dreadful voice, what he had to say for himself, Tom would not answer a word. He was in one of his sullen moods, and, indeed, it was not of much use to try to answer Grandpa when he was in that state of mind. And Dulcie's father looked as if he were very sorry—for his little girl, of course, Caddy Jane thought.

"And I never knew a doll that could talk before, and he's broken it right out of her!" sobbed Dulcie.

And then a sudden inspiration seized Caddy Jane; she had them sometimes, though she was such a foolish little thing.

She flew along the piazza and seized Nancy Ray out of the carriage, pressed her to her bosom, and uttered a cry of joy. She thrust her into Dulcie's arms, while Dulcie ceased her sobs in astonishment.

"Papa!" "Mamma!" said Nancy Ray.

"Oh, oh, she can talk!" cried Dulcie, becoming a rainbow. "What does it mean? She was

the nicest doll I ever had, before,"—(Oh, false and fickle Dulcie!)—"and now she's perfect! Oh, did *you* do it?" (to Tom, who tried to look indifferent.) "It's too bad that I called you an orfle boy when you are such a nice one, and can do such *wonderful* things. And Jacquetta was only a broken old thing."

Tom was beginning to talk to Dulcie's father; Grandpa had walked away, with something like an amused look upon his face. Tom was excited and talked eagerly. It was a comfort to explain that machinery to some one who seemed to understand and be interested. And there was one little point where he thought an improvement might be made—it might be less complicated. He hesitated before saying this, because he thought Cousin David might find some mistake again, or perhaps laugh at him. But he did n't; he seemed to consider the matter seriously, and asked a great many questions, and at last said that he should n't wonder if Tom were right, and if Tom would work up his idea so that it could be seen he might possibly secure a patent for it! He thought those talking dolls were not made in this country, but he would see what could be done with it abroad; sometimes a little thing like that amounted to a great deal. And, anyway, he had become so convinced of Tom's mechanical ability, that he was going to ask Grandpa's consent to Tom's going to New York in the fall, where he would give the boy a technical education.

Tom was so overcome that he only colored, and gasped, and looked at Caddy Jane. And Caddy Jane, being only a foolish little girl, cried. But I think Cousin David felt that he was receiving gratitude enough.

"I never expected anybody would believe in me till I'd made an Instantaneous Butter-maker or an improved phonograph, or something great," said Tom; "and to think it's come about through a silly old doll!"



Sir Rat.

A Comedy.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

Persons of the Drama.

MR. THOMAS CAT.

MASTER TOMMY CAT.

MRS. THOMAS CAT.

MISS FLUFFY CAT.

SIR RAT.

SCENE: *The barn. A basket in one corner.*

MASTER TOMMY (*looking out of the basket*).

How very big the world is, after all!
Compared to it our basket seems quite small.
We never dreamed, dear Fluffy, till our eyes
Were opened, that the world was such a size.
I'd like at once to see it all. Let's go
And take a stroll around it.

FLUFFY.

No! No! No!

Mamma expressly told us not to stray
Outside the basket while she was away.
Something might happen if we disobeyed.

TOMMY.

Oh, you don't dare, of course,—you are afraid!



FLUFFY.

Suppose—oh, dear!—suppose we meet a
Rat!

VOL. XVII.—9.

TOMMY.

Suppose we do, dear Fluffy, what of that?
I will protect you with my strong right paw.
The sight of me would fill a Rat with awe.

FLUFFY. Would it?

TOMMY. Of course it would. I'd rather
like to see

The Rat who'd dare to trifle once with me.
I do not think he'd live to try it twice!

FLUFFY.

You are so brave! It really would be nice
To see the world—

TOMMY.

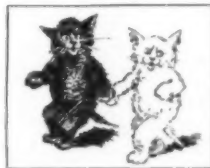
It will be grand. Here goes!
There, take my paw, and jump. So, mind
your toes!

(*Fluffy jumps.*)

Now we are off. Tread softly, Sister dear,
If we're not careful all the world may hear.

FLUFFY (*starting*).

Oh, dear, what was
that noise? I wish we
'd stayed—



TOMMY (*trembling*).

Be brave, dear Sister,—see, I'm n'-n'-not
a'-afraid.

Whatever happens, do not make a row!



(Enter SIR RAT.)

SIR RAT. Aha! what 's this?

TOMMY. Help! Murder! Mi-ow-ow!

FLUFFY.

Tommy, be calm! Dear Mr. Rat, good-day.

SIR RAT (*jumping up and down*).

Enough! enough! I did not come to play!

FLUFFY.

Dear Mr. Rat, how beautifully you dance.

SIR RAT. You flatter me.

FLUFFY (*aside*). It is my only chance.

(To TOMMY.)

Run, Tommy! run! and bring dear Father-cat,
While I remain and flatter Mr. Rat.

(Exit TOMMY in haste.)

(To SIR RAT.)

It's very plain you learned that step in France.

I wish, dear Rat, you'd teach me how to dance.

SIR RAT.

I do not often dancing lessons give;

But since you have n't very long to live,

And you are so polite, this once I 'll try.

FLUFFY. Thanks! thanks, dear Rat,—one
dance before I die.

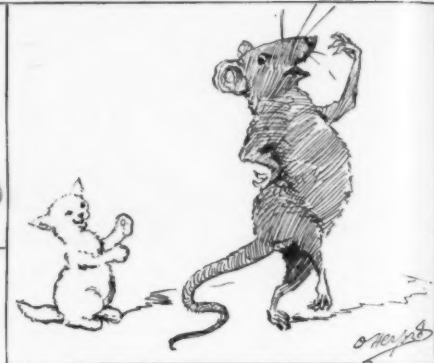
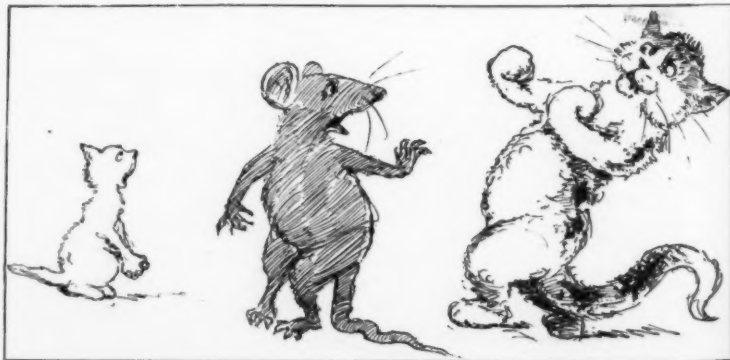
(Polka Music.

Sir Rat dances
and Fluffy ap-
plauds.)

FLUFFY. Bravo!

Sir Rat, I
never saw
before

Such perfect
dancing!
Won't you
dance once
more?



SIR RAT. Be done with folly, Kitten! Now at last
Your time has come. Reflect upon your past!

FLUFFY.

It won't take long my past life to unfold!

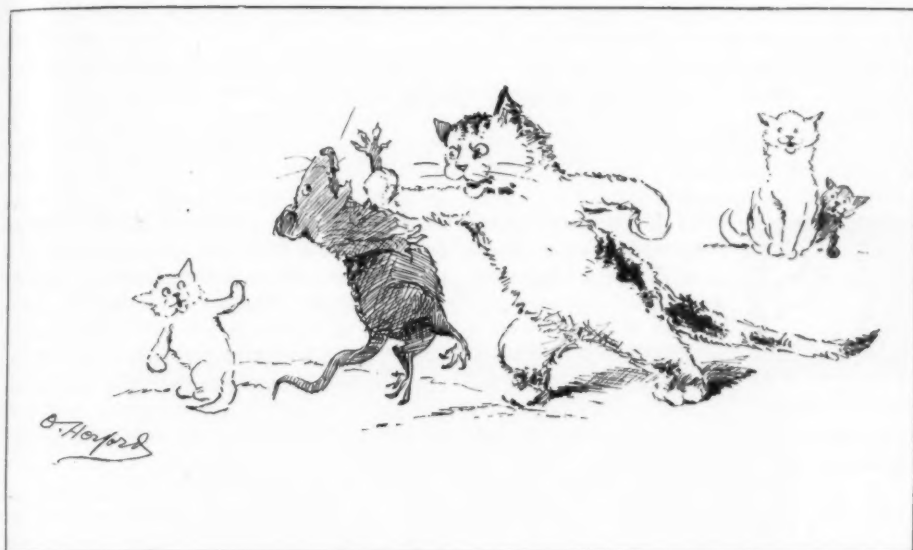
In sooth, Sir Rat, I'm only nine days old.



SIR RAT. Peace, Kitten! Hold thy peace!—
thy time is past. (*Springs upon her.*)

FLUFFY. Miow! Miow!

(Enter MR. and MRS. CAT and TOMMY.)



MR. CAT. Aha! Sir Rat, at last
I have thee; and this barn will soon, I trow,
Be rid of such a Ruffian Rat as thou!

(*They fight. Sir Rat falls.*)

MR. CAT (*sheathing his claws*).
'T is well I hastened; had I not, I fear
We soon had seen the last of Fluffy dear!

TOMMY.
Oh, dear, to think what might have been her
fate!

FLUFFY (*aside*).
I learned that polka step, at any rate.

MRS. CAT.
But luncheon's waiting. Come into the house.
Your father
caught to-
day a fine
spring mouse.
And, children,
when I tell
you not to stray
From home, in future do not disobey!



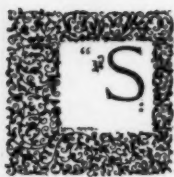
CURTAIN.



✱ The end of Sir Rat ✱

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.



SOMETHING must have happened. Father ought to have reached home two hours ago."

Tom Ely's face wore a troubled look as he glanced uneasily toward the door.

He was sitting by a blazing fire in the rough room of a lumberman's log shanty upon the shore of one of the large Adirondack lakes. Beside the rough fireplace, at the head of a pile of skins and coarse, woolen blankets, stood Tom's gun, his Christmas present from his father. On the other side, with the polished steels glistening in the firelight, hung his skates, for this active lad of fifteen was the champion skater of the Saranac region. There was hardly anything which Tom could not do on ice. He could go forward or backward, wheeling and circling with all the ease of a swallow in mid-air. So swiftly could he skim along the ice that his father used laughingly to boast that—"while any other skater was going one rod, Tom could easily skate around him twice."

The lumbering-camp had broken up that very day. After weeks of hard work, the great trees had been cut down and the logs dragged to the water's edge, waiting for the yearly spring rise in the rivers to float them to the mills. There was nothing more to be done until the breaking up of the ice. Most of the men had gone directly to their homes in the settlements. Ten or twelve of them, however, had spoken of staying for a day or two at a shanty on the second lake below, with the hope of securing some deer, and Tom's father concluded to stay behind at the main camp for a few days, thinking that if he should set his traps he might succeed in getting a few skins to make warm tippets and muffs for Tom's mother and little sister.

Soon after dinner, leaving Tom to cook the supper and gather some firewood, the father

shouldered his rifle and started out for a tramp. By sunset, Tom had piled up the wood in one corner of the cabin, and then he set to work to prepare supper. He placed the big tin plates and cups on the rough, pine table, and, taking down a ham which was hanging from the ceiling, cut off a few slices and put them in the frying-pan, and very soon an appetizing hot meal was smoking on the hearth; but still his father did not come.

Tom was a little homesick, sitting there all alone. He thought of his snug home in the settlement, and fancied just how his mother and little sister looked as they stood in the doorway watching him and his father setting out for the lumbering-camp. Even now, his mother's parting words rang in his ears—"Tom, my boy, take good care of your Father." What if anything had happened to his father!

Tom started to his feet and, running to the door, opened it and stepped out in the bright moonlight. It was a clear, cold night, and the full moon was just rising above the dark line of forest. He stood listening for a moment, and was turning to enter the cabin, when he heard a footstep. He raised a whistle to his lips and sounded a shrill, piercing note. It was the camp signal, and after a brief pause came the answering whistle. But it sounded strangely faint and quavering. Tom wondered at this, and wondered still more as he heard a halting, uncertain step on the frozen ground—a step utterly unlike his father's long, steady stride.

The next moment a tall figure tottered down the bank behind the shanty, and, by the light of the moon, Tom saw his father's pale, haggard face. "Don't be frightened," said the wounded man in a hoarse whisper as the boy darted up the bank and saw the scorched and blood-stained jacket-sleeve and the strong arm hanging limp and helpless. "My foot slipped—the rifle was loaded—and went off—the ball shattered my

arm and lodged in my side—I thought I never should get home."

Tom managed to lead his father into the cabin, where he sank down on the pile of skins in a sort of stupor. After rubbing the cold hand, and forcing a few spoonfuls of hot coffee between the white lips, Tom had the satisfaction of seeing the sufferer open his eyes and look up with an attempt at a smile.

"It's pretty hard for you, Tom," he groaned. "I feel better now. The loss of blood made me dizzy. What are you going to do?"

"But if the men should n't be there?"

"Then I'll keep on to the settlement."

"No—no—no!" came in quick, short gasps; "there's another danger—*wolves*."

Tom looked up with a sudden thrill of fear.

"Have you seen them, Father?"

"Yes, Tom,—only a little way from here,—in some snow in a hollow there were tracks. Being an old guide I could n't mistake 'em. The winter has been long and sharp, and hunger has made them bold. It is many years since they have been seen around here."



"ALREADY THE LEAN, SHAGGY BRUTE WAS WITHIN A FEW YARDS."

"Going for help," replied Tom promptly. He rose, put on a thick, woolen jacket and took up his fur cap.

The father shook his head. "No, no;—it won't do, my son."

"But I *must*, Father! Don't look so worried. It's only a step to the river; then down the stream, over the pond, and along the river again—then whiz! across the big lake to the shanty where the men are! That's all."

Tom's cheeks blanched. He knew well that it was no play to face a hungry wolf, or perhaps a pack of them, in that grim, lonely wilderness. He hesitated, and then came the remembrance of his mother's charge, "Tom, take good care of your Father." His mind was made up.

"I can't take my gun," he said aloud, "for it would only be in the way, but the knife will be just the thing." He twisted a thick scarf

around his waist, and fastened the long-bladed hunting-knife securely in his belt.

"Tom, you must *not* go," moaned his father. "I can't let you risk your life to save mine!"

"I must go, Father, if there were forty wolves in my way." The boy knelt down by his father's side and stroked the cold hand. "It's dreadful to leave you,"—here he nearly broke down, but managed to choke back the rising sobs,— "still, it's the only way. You might die without help, and what could I say to Mother! Keep up your courage, Father. I've fixed the fire so that it will last, and here's the coffee right by your elbow. I'll be back soon." Here the boy breathed the prayer, "God help me!"

In a moment more, Tom had fastened the door with a stout staple and was kneeling by the lake, buckling on his skates. As he glided from the shores he cast a hurried glance around. Both his eyes and ears were strained to the utmost. How black the shadows were along the shores! How sharp was the "click, click," of the skates, as they carried him on with the steady motion of a machine! The river was soon reached, and the half-mile over its frozen surface was easily made, as were the two miles across the little pond. When he followed again the frozen course of the river he skated backward, as his face was benumbed from going against the wind. He stopped several times for breathing-spells, so that he felt quite rested as he swept out of the river to the smooth, level floor of the great lake, at the lower end of which was the hunters' cabin. For two miles down the lake, Tom skated quite slowly, as he was keeping his strength for the final dash. With body erect, head thrown back, and arms crossed on his chest, he glided in long, easy curves now to the right, now to the left. As he reached the shelter of a little island he paused for a short rest. Then he buckled on his skates more firmly, but just as he was taking a long breath in order to start again, a prolonged mournful howl broke the stillness of the night air. It was the sound which he had been dreading and expecting! His first impulse was to save himself by climbing one of the large trees near by. Then he thought of his mother's parting charge. "That would be looking out for myself, and she told me to take care of Father," he murmured. He hastily pulled off his jacket,

felt for his knife, and tightened the scarf around his waist. "You'll have exercise enough to keep you warm, Tom Ely," he muttered between his set teeth; and then he shot forward like an arrow from the bow. How the ice rang under the quick, fierce strokes of the skates! How swiftly the shores glided by!

The boy paused a moment to look over his shoulder. On the ice near the shore was a small, black speck, growing rapidly larger. The wind had swept the last light fall of snow from the center of the lake into windrows on both sides, and there it had frozen, making a rough surface on which the wolf found a sure footing. Tom increased his speed, but that long, tireless gallop, never for an instant faltering nor loitering, was gaining rapidly on him. Already the lean, shaggy brute was within a few yards, and the boy heard an angry snarl as the creature made a fierce spring at him. Quick as thought, Tom wheeled suddenly to the right, and the wolf rolled over and over on the ice, while the skater sped on, gaining several rods by this trick.

In a moment, however, the furious beast was up again, and a second desperate race began, and a second time Tom escaped the sharp, white teeth. By this time the boy's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. His breath came in quick, short gasps, and he was conscious of a queer feeling of weakness about the knees. His heart sank within him as he looked back and saw his enemy again on his track. "I can't keep it up much longer," he thought. "A little twig or roughness on the ice—and it is all over with me." He raised his white, despairing face toward the heavens with a swift, short prayer. Just then he caught a glimpse of a low point of land at the left. Tom's blood tingled at the sight! Below were the hunters' cabin and the stout lumbermen! "What if the men had gone on to the settlement!"—and the boyish voice broke into a sob.

A few strokes of the skates brought him to the point, with the wolf close at his heels. Tom raised his whistle to his lips and blew a piercing blast. In another moment he had dodged the wolf again, and as he swept round the point he saw the open door of the cabin and the blazing fire within. He heard a dozen answering whistles, the hoarse baying of dogs, the sharp

crack of a rifle. He mustered strength to tell his story, and then a faintness came over him and he tottered into the arms of a strong lumberman.

The next that he knew, he was lying on a pile of skins by a bright fire, with several strong men bending over him. One of the hunters was saying, "I'd give a good deal to own a boy like that. Talk of heroes — why that fifteen-year-old chap is the biggest hero of 'em all."

Tom looked up; he said only, "Father?"

"Four of the men have gone to the settlement for a doctor, half a dozen more, with old Hodge amongst 'em (and he's as good as a doctor any time), are on the way to your father, and as soon as you are able, we'll take you up with us."

"And the wolf?" Tom sank back shuddering.

"His hide is over yonder in the corner; one of the men says that he is going to dress the skin for you. It will be the proudest trophy of your life, I reckon."

JOKERS OF THE MENAGERIE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

IN one of the cages of the zoölogical gardens at Central Park, there is a miscellaneous and rather incongruous collection of birds, made up, as it would seem, of the odds and ends of the feathered portion of the menagerie; for it includes such dissimilar birds as the wood-duck, the egret, the sickle-bill, a chicken with no bill at all, a crow without any tail, a dilapidated adjutant-bird, a roseate spoonbill (which spends the greater part of its time in standing on one of its spindling legs), a curassow, and several other equally ill-assorted fellows.

Except a sulky heron, which seemingly passes its gloomy life in nourishing a passionate hatred for the tailless crow, these chance companions associate very amicably together, bearing each other's whims and fancies with philosophy and good temper. And it must need a large supply of both those virtues to get along in so mixed a company; for each bird follows the bent of his natural habits without regard to any other consideration.

Some of the results of this condition of affairs are more amusing to the spectator than to the actors; as, when the sickle-bill becomes possessed by the idea that something of great value to him is hidden under the hen without a bill,

and that he must relieve his curiosity by removing the hen. Accordingly he thrusts his long bill under that patient bird and lifts her unceremoniously out of the comfortable dust-hole she has made for herself.

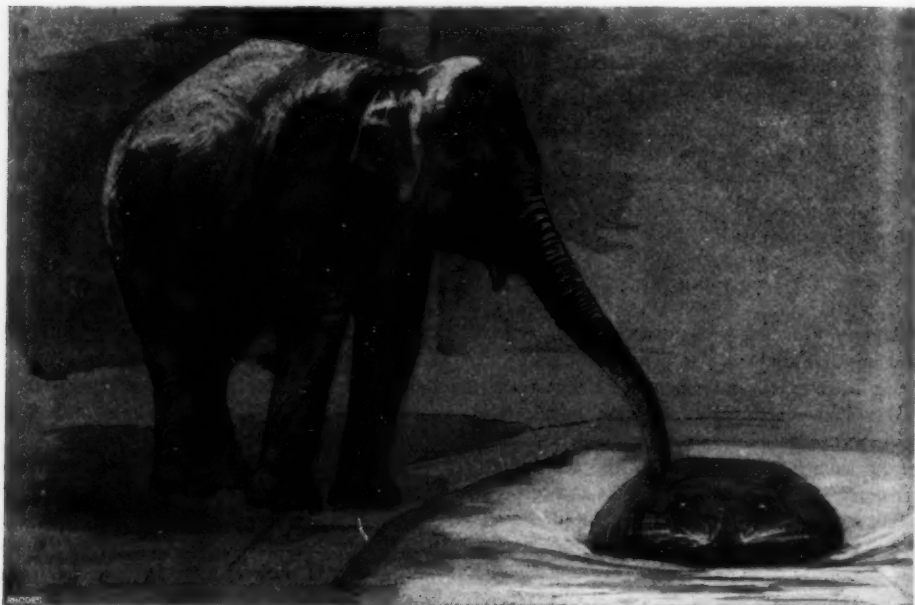
Many of the pranks played in that cage are, however, so imbued with an air of conscious humor and enjoyment that it is hard to believe that they are not meditated jokes. The crow, for example, is always a funny bird; but this particular crow has the manner of a bird that knows itself to be funny and even seems to consider the loss of its tail a very laughable thing. Not that it has any appearance of laughing. Far from it. Like a professional joker of the first order, it is solemnity itself. So, too, is the adjutant-bird, which combines with the crow to make fun for the cage. And when this incongruous pair are in a mischievous mood there is certain to be fun.

One day, when the crow was hopping about the cage in its misguided way,—misguided for lack of a tail,—it noticed the pair of pretty little wood-ducks contentedly eating some scraps of meat. The adjutant-bird stood in seeming slumber, a picture of solemn ugliness. The crow skipped by the adjutant once or twice, with a

knowing cock of the head, as if inviting that solemn bird to some fun; but the adjutant only opened one of its eyes in a way inexpressibly sly and then shut the eye again and took no further notice of its fellow mischief-maker. For a moment the crow looked doubtfully at its big friend, well knowing the adjutant's wily ways, and then with a series of sidling hops made up to the wood-ducks, cocked its head leeringly at them, snatched a piece of meat and scurried

laughter. The hilarity they caused seemed to spur on both birds, as applause inspires actors, and the feathered comedians continued their drollery for round after round.

Of course there is always fun in the monkey cage, but probably the sense of humor is not more developed in the monkey than in many other animals. The elephant, for example, can enjoy a joke as much as any animal. Mr. Meredith Nugent, the artist, tells of one of these



"THE ELEPHANT WOULD CATCH ONE OF THE EARS OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND GIVE IT A MISCHIEVOUS TWEAK."

off. The crow buried that piece and came back for more and yet more, until there was no more to be had. Then the crow returned to his buried treasures and unearthed and re-buried them very gleefully. But now it was the turn of the adjutant. It slowly stretched itself and then stalked to where the crow was making his rounds of inspection. As the crow would bury a piece of meat, the adjutant would dig it up and leave it exposed; thus undoing the work of the crow as often as the latter would perform it. And so they continued around and around the cage, the one burying and the other unearthing, and all with such droll solemnity that the spectators about the cage were kept in roars of

giant jokers noticed by him in the zoölogical gardens in Paris, while he was sketching there. This elephant had made friends with the hippopotamus and was permitted to visit the latter, and it was in the inclosure for the hippopotamus that he developed a fondness for practical joking, which seemed to give him peculiar pleasure.

He would reach over the big tank when the hippopotamus was lolling in the water, suddenly catch one of the little ears of the latter with the finger of his trunk and give it so mischievous a tweak that the huge river-horse would roar out and angrily open his huge mouth. Then the hippopotamus would be upon his guard and

sink out of sight, to come up again further away. But, for all his seeming annoyance, he apparently liked the fun himself; for, when he had come up to the surface quite too far away for the elephant to reach him, he would sink and try again to reappear just out of reach of the waving trunk. The elephant evinced his enjoyment of the sport by swaying to and fro in the manner of his kind, and occasionally, too, he would open his mouth in a comical resemblance to a laugh,—though it must be said that the resemblance is purely accidental, for though the elephant may laugh he does not do it in that way.

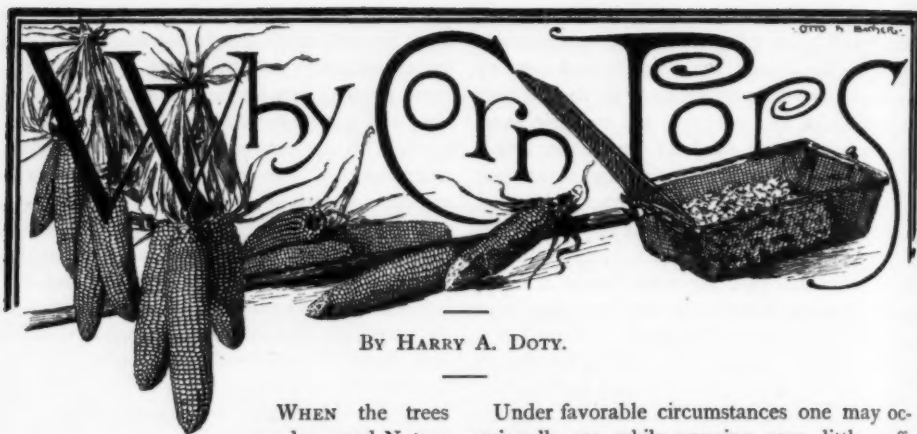
Another joke enjoyed by this elephant was to stand over some particularly choice morsel meant for the hippopotamus, and thus prevent him from eating it—to tease him, in fact. So great was the elephant's enjoyment of this feat that he would not only sway to express his pleasure, but would make a rumbling sound which, with the elephant, is more than anything else indicative of delight. And the vexation of the hippopotamus was as evident as the enjoyment of the elephant. The hippopotamus knew he was powerless to coerce his friend, and so he would go away and sulk until it was the pleasure of the elephant to move from the coveted food. Occasionally, however, the elephant would pretend to leave it, and then return just in time to cheat the hippopotamus.

It was an Indian elephant that betrayed a taste for fun in this instance; but in the same menagerie there is another case known, in which an African elephant showed a similar disposition. Only, in this instance, the elephant caught a tartar and was temporarily cured of his jocular attentions. The African elephant had formed a friendship for a zebra; and, though the zebra was shy for some time, it yielded at last to the advances of its gigantic friend and permitted his caresses without giving way to paroxysms of fear. By and by the elephant became emboldened and grew a little rough, pulling the sensi-

tive zebra's legs and tail and ears. One day the zebra wearied of its ponderous friend's teasing and incontinently caught one of the elephant's great, flapping ears between its teeth and bit so hard and pulled so sturdily, that the elephant was fain to sue for mercy in a series of shrill trumpeting. Thereafter the big elephant was respectful as well as affectionate to the zebra.

It ought to be said in the elephant's behalf, that he is not always so fond of joking at the expense of his friends. It is a singular fact that a friend or pet seems to be a necessity to a captive elephant. In most cases that friend is selected from among the smaller of the animals about it. Frequently the friend is a dog belonging to the keeper, and in many well-known instances a helpless, little human baby has been selected as the object of the elephant's affection. When the elephant's chosen friend is clearly helpless, the great beast has never been known to tease or injure it, even in fun. Its tenderness with a baby is one of the most pleasing sights imaginable.

Mr. Nugent tells also of a practical joke which he saw perpetrated by a tiger in the London Zoo, although it was really unintentional on the part of the tiger and rather grim in its results. In the cage next the tiger's, and hidden from his view by a board partition, was a tamandua, or ant-bear, a singular-looking creature that lives in its native country upon ants, capturing myriads of these little insects by means of an abnormally long tongue, coated with a sticky substance to which the ants adhere. This tongue the captive ant-bear often thrust out and moved about in an inquisitive way. In an evil hour it discovered a hole in the partition separating it from the tiger. The tiger was lazily stretched at length, one day, when this long tongue came into his cage. His first manifestation of displeasure was an ugly snarl, his next a quick blow with its claw-armed paw. The ant-bear never repeated its experiment.



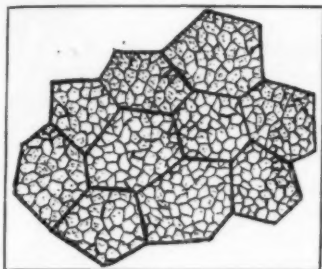
BY HARRY A. DOTY.

WHEN the trees are bare and Nature has drawn her fleecy snow-curtain over the spectacle of green field and flower-sprinkled hillside, we may naturally give a thought to the slumbering vitality under that soft white drapery. The tenderest hearts will feel almost pity for the thousands of seeds and roots doomed to an icy bed during a long winter; yet those same hearts will thrill with unalloyed delight at the snapping, crackling, frantic mass of popping corn,—a live seed, every one,—although at each pop a grain is forced into grotesque and unnatural blossoming. The ear of corn has perhaps suffered a harder fate by being garnered and housed only to be roasted alive. But, notwithstanding there is life in each seed, just as certainly as there is in a hen's egg, we may be sure that the sacrifice of its tiny vital existence is absolutely painless; and the more spiritual of us may reach a higher plane of satisfaction by accepting its pure white expansions, after the fatal heat, as metaphorical angels' wings.

While we sit around the cozy hearth with reddened cheeks, after the bombardment in our popper has ceased and the munching has begun, let us listen to a short story about this transformation which, in a twinkling, changes the yellow, stony little kernel into a tender, white, delicious morsel, monstrous and ragged. What is the power and process of this fantastic jugglery? Like all white magic, it is simple when understood; and knowing the secret, we may find intellectual pleasure also in what is so fascinating to the eye and so grateful to the palate.

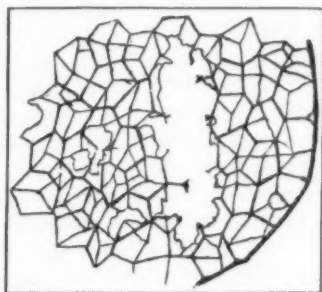
Under favorable circumstances one may occasionally see, while popping corn, little puffs of white vapor issuing from the popper. One might reasonably presume this to be steam or water-vapor; but, in order to make sure of it, I popped half-a-dozen grains in a small beaker, the mouth of which was stopped loosely with a cork, holding the beaker over a gas flame. The result was the generation of so much steam that it hissed out around the cork and gave my fingers a lively sensation of heat. This seemed almost conclusive on that point, but it occurred to me to weigh the corn before and after popping, and this led to the discovery that more than ten per cent. of the weight of the corn is lost in the process, and this loss is doubtless the water which escapes. So that our popperful of corn—a bulk between fifty and one hundred times as great as it was originally—really weighs less than when we started! But this only half explains what takes place when the grain explodes. It is not quite plain why the expanding steam should puff the corn out into a crisp white mass instead of blowing it to atoms, and the real inwardness of the matter will be apparent only by comparing the structure of the seed as Nature has finished it with its structure after it is popped. To do this, we must cut a very thin slice, thinner than this paper, through the middle of the grain of corn, and magnify it very highly. Figure 1 shows a very small part of such a slice as it appeared under my microscope. If the whole grain could be seen enlarged to the same extent, it would stand higher than one's head and look like an immense boulder. Now the whole grain

is made up of little sacs, or bags, which botanists call "cells," and the figure represents a group of these cells from the center of a grain of rice-corn as they appear in a slice, much in the same way as we see the sacs in a thin slice of lemon, only in the corn they are, of course,



far too small to be seen by the naked eye. The heavier lines show the boundaries of the cells. Each cell, of which there are thousands in the entire grain, is packed tightly with little granules of starch. These are shown in the figure completely filling up the cells, and it is to this compact arrangement of starch-granules that the corn owes its hardness. Much the greater part of the grain consists of these cells crowded full of starch, although the remainder is really the most important, vital part: that is, the embryo, which under proper conditions initiates the growth of the seed; the starch being merely a little store of food upon which the young shoot feeds until it is established and able to take care of itself. And, by the way, the cereals which are so extensively used as food are, like the corn, largely composed of this same substance, starch. Understanding now what there is in the kernel of corn, let us look at a thin slice of the same corn after it is popped, and see if we can make out what has become of the cells and the starch. Figure 2 shows such a slice, magnified to the same extent as the first, as well as it can be represented by a diagram, for its delicacy and transparency can not be readily represented on paper. Here we have apparently a similar structure of cells; but compare their size with the other slice. They are smaller than the original cells and much larger than the starch-granules, so it is reasonable to conclude that these apparent cells are the starch-granules themselves

swelled up by the steam. This is the fact; so they are not cells at all in the botanical sense. Simple chemical tests prove that they are starch. But the granules are no longer solid; they have been blown up into vesicles, or balloons, and the steam in forcing its escape not only ruptures many of the vesicles, but splits and tears its way all through the mass, making rifts and channels leading to the air. Most of them are too minute, however, to be seen with the naked eye. The figure shows one of these rifts, and the ragged edges of the ruptured vesicles can be seen. On the right side, part of the broken cell-wall is in-



dedicated. Only the starchy part pops; the embryo, of which I have spoken, simply shrinks and turns brown.

We may yet speculate on the details of the process. In what condition is the interior of the grain just before it explodes? The common experience of the kitchen and laundry will help us here. In making up the mixture for stiffening clothes, the laundress puts starch into water and boils it, and we all know that in this process the starch loses its powdery character and becomes blended with the water into a pasty, translucent mass. The effect upon the individual starch-granule is a softening and considerable increase of its bulk and, finally, its rupture and diffusion through the water. While we can not see the inside of the grain at the critical moment when it has all but burst, we may, in view of what we now know, probably surmise the truth. Is it not very likely that, as the grain gets hotter and hotter, the moisture present in the cells, or in the starch-granules themselves, softens them first, and then, when the heat becomes too great to permit its remaining in the fluid state, it suddenly turns to steam, and the now plastic starch ex-

pands in every direction forming the little vesicles shown in the figure, losing at the same time, of course, the moisture and thus becoming firm and brittle again?

This is the conclusion to which I have been brought, and I think of the wonderful physics of popped corn with great satisfaction whenever I shake my popper over the glowing coals.

WINTER APPLES.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

WHAT cheer is there that is half so good,
In the snowy waste of a winter night,
As a dancing fire of hickory wood,
And an easy-chair in its mellow light,
And a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek?

A russet apple is fair to view,
With a tawny tint like an autumn leaf,
The warmth of a ripened corn-field's hue,
Or golden hint of a harvest sheaf;
And the wholesome breath of the finished year
Is held in a winesap's blooming sphere.

They bring you a thought of the orchard trees,
In blossomy April and leafy June,
And the sleepy droning of bumble-bees,
In the lazy light of the afternoon,
And tangled clover and bobolinks,
Tiger-lilies and garden pinks.

If you 've somewhere left, with its gables wide,
A farm-house set in an orchard old,
You 'll see it all in the winter-tide
At sight of a pipin's green-and-gold,
Or a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.



KITTIE'S BEST FRIEND.

BY M. HELEN LOVETT.



"AMMA! Mamma!" cried Kittie Perry, running into the house early one afternoon and throwing down her school-books, "the new people are moving in next door."

"So I see, Kittie," said Mrs. Perry.

"And, Mamma, there 's a little girl there just about as big as me. I just saw her going in. I 'm awfully glad! I 'm 'most crazy for some one to play with since the Cooks went away. May Kingsley 's the only other girl on the block, and we 're having a tiff now. I 'm going right in to see that girl and find out what her name is."

"Kittie!" said her mother, catching her just in time as she was flying out of the room, "you must not go. The little girl's mother would n't like it. I 'm sure I should n't have wished the neighbors' children to come in here the day we moved. We had confusion enough without that."

"But, Mamma, I *must*, for I need some one to play with, and May Kingsley and I are angry at each other and I can't speak to her for a week."

"I 'm afraid you will not be able to do that, Kittie," said Mamma, laughing.

"I 'm afraid not," said Kittie, with a sigh. "I 'll tell you how it was. I wanted to play jackstones, and May wanted to play paper dolls, and —" Mamma was trying to write a letter, but Kittie's tongue kept on pitilessly for ten minutes. Then she paused to take breath. "Well, that 's the reason I can't speak to her for a week, Mamma, and I must have *some one* to play with. So, Mamma, why can't I go in and see the girl next door?"

"I 've told you why, Kittie. And now you

must not talk to me any more until I 've finished this letter."

But Kittie kept on talking as she stood by the window, for to talk to herself was better than nothing. "There 's a sled; that 's a girl's sled, and I don't see any other, so I suppose it 's the girl's. There are a doll's carriage and two dolls' trunks. Why does n't the man turn them so I can see better? There! Why, there 's a name on the end! C-a—oh, I see, Carrie; no, Clara,—Clara L. Parsons. That 's a pretty name. Oh, dear! I wish to-morrow 'd come."

To-morrow did come,—that is, the next day did (some people say "*to-morrow* does n't"),—but it rained, and Kittie could n't go out in the afternoon. Thursday, however, when she came home from school, her new little neighbor was sitting on the piazza with one of the trunks open before her, and a beautiful doll on her lap. Kittie glanced at her, and the little girl looked so friendly that Kittie nodded. Her neighbor nodded in reply. Kittie went up the steps. "Would n't you like me to come and play with you?" she asked.

The little girl looked as if she would, but did not make any reply.

"She 's shy," said Kittie to herself. "How funny." Then aloud, "I 'll get my doll; only it is n't nice as yours. Shall I?" The girl nodded.

Kittie ran into her own home, and up to the play-room, where she snatched up her best doll, rejecting the second best as not grand enough to associate with Clara L. Parsons and her family.

"Mamma," she called out, "I 'm going to play with the girl next door."

"Did she ask you, Kittie?" said Mrs. Perry, coming into the hall.

"Yes, Mamma; at least, I asked if I should come, and she said yes. She would have asked me, I know, but she seems shy!"

"Well, you can go for a few minutes. Don't stay long." Kittie rushed off.

The little girl was sitting with her back turned, and did not move until Kittie came all the way up the steps; but then she gave a pleased look of welcome.

"Here 's my doll," said Kittie, sitting down. "It is n't as nice as yours, is it?" Clara nodded. Kittie thought her a very polite girl, for Bella was only two-thirds the size of Clara's doll. "Her name 's Bella," she announced. "What is your doll's name? I suppose Clara Parsons is your name, is n't it? I see Parsons there on your door-plate. Oh, may I look at the things in your trunk? What a lovely party-dress! Did you make it? No, I guess you did n't, 'cause I see part of it 's made on the machine, and I don't suppose you can sew on the machine. Mamma won't let me touch ours. I made that blue dress, though,—almost all myself. What darling dolls' handkerchiefs, and oh, what lovely little visiting-cards! 'Stella Parsons'; is that her name? Stella rhymes with Bella, does n't it? they ought to be friends; let 's introduce them."

She held Bella up toward Stella, and Clara held up Stella and made her shake hands with her visitor and then kiss her.

"Now they 're acquainted," said Kittie. "Let us pretend they have taken a great fancy to each other, as I have to you. I wish you 'd be my best friend, for I have n't one now. Fanny Cook used to be, but she 's moved away; she lived in that yellow house across the way; and May Kingsley is n't; we get mad at each other; and she talks so much; if you tell her a secret, everybody is sure to know it. Oh, my name 's Kittie Perry; I did n't tell you, did I? My brother's name 's Frank, and my sister's name is Amy, but they 're both big, nearly grown up, so I don't have any one home to play with. That lady at the second-story window is your mother, I suppose? That 's my mother in a blue dress—on our stoop just now. That lady in brown that went in with her is Mrs. Fraim. She 's deaf and dumb. Did you ever know anybody who was? It 's so funny to see them talk. I can say a few words. See. This means man; this means woman; this means dinner; this means a bouquet of flowers."

Kittie made the motions as she spoke, and Clara, smiling brightly and looking pleased, made them too, but much more deftly and gracefully than Kittie.

"And this means a baby with long clothes," continued Kittie. Clara shook her head, and made a motion a little different.

"Oh, yes, that *is* it," said Kittie. "How quick you learn! I 'll teach you some more some day; then, if you ever meet a deaf person, you can talk to them. But it must be dreadful, must n't it?—to be deaf and dumb, and not to be able to talk. Why, *I'd die!*" (I almost believe Kittie would.) "And their language—why I could n't talk as much in a minute as in a week in our way—no, no, I mean in a week as in a minute. Oh, what are you doing?"

Clara had taken Bella and removed her dress. She then picked up the dress that Kittie had admired, and holding it against Stella showed that it was too small; then buttoning it on Bella she laid the doll back in Kittie's lap and looked up with a smile.

"Do you mean to give it to me?" cried Kittie, delighted. "Oh, you darling! It 's awfully pretty. Kiss the lady, Bella, my child. Now I ought to do something for Stella. Let me see,—when she has the measles, you send for me, 'cause I 've had experience. She 'll be sure to get them; they 're very *relevant* this spring. Oh, dear, there 's Mamma calling me. Wait here, and I 'll be back soon."

Mrs. Perry had called Kittie to go upstairs and try on her new dress, and this occupied nearly half an hour. When she returned to the piazza next door, Clara had gone and so had Stella and her trunk. Only Bella remained, sitting on the doorstep in the party-dress which had been presented to her, and holding in her lap a piece of paper on which was written, in a round, childish, but neat and legible hand: "I can't wait any longer for you. I 'm going out with Mamma. Come again to-morrow."

Kittie came late to the tea-table that evening, and did not notice at first that everybody was very much amused at something.

"Kittie," said Frank, "did you get acquainted with the girl next door?"

"Yes; she 's awfully nice; her name 's Clara Parsons. What made you call me in, that time,

Mamma? She said she could n't play much longer, she had to go out with her mother; and when I came back she was gone."

"Did you have much conversation with her?" asked Papa.

"Yes, Papa; I think I was there half an hour."

"It was more than an hour," said Amy. "I saw you. But I think you did all the talking yourself."

Kittie was indignant at this accusation, although it was not a new one. "It would n't be very polite to go and see a person and never say a word, would it?" she said.

"You 'll never be so impolite, certainly," said Frank.

"And she gave me the prettiest dress for Bella. It was one that was in her doll's trunk, but it was too small for her doll. I 'll show it to you after tea."

"Now, Kittie," said Mamma, "try to remember the exact words she said about the dress, or about anything else you talked of."

"The exact words," repeated Kittie, slowly. She looked thoughtful, then perplexed. "It 's queer, but somehow I forget the exact words."

"Well, Kittie, we don't blame you. Mrs. Fraim was here this afternoon, and she was speaking about the family next door, the Parsons. She knows them very well; and this little girl—her name *is* Clara—is deaf and dumb. She can't speak a word."

Kittie dropped the biscuit she was eating, and the blankness which overspread her face was too much for the gravity of the family. They all laughed.

"So, Kittie," said Papa, "you *must* have had

all the talk to yourself, and, if I know you, you must have enjoyed it exceedingly!"

Kittie still looked so dazed that Mamma came to her assistance.

"What did she say about going out with her mother?"

"Why—she wrote that; but that was because I was away."

"And what did she say when she gave you the doll's dress?"

"She put it on Bella and handed it to me. *Maybe* she did n't say anything."

"And did she tell you her name was Clara Parsons?"

"Yes—why—well, I asked her and she said yes;—no, I believe she nodded. She nodded quite often. But if she can't hear how could she tell when to nod?"

Kittie asked this triumphantly.

"Mrs. Fraim says she is a bright little thing, and often can tell what people are saying by watching their lips; and then perhaps she thought it was polite to agree with you even when she did n't understand."

"Now perhaps you 'll believe how much you talk," said Frank. "I promise you ten cents if you keep quiet all the rest of tea-time, because I know you can't."

"Yes, I can," said Kittie; "but I 'm not going to."

The other day, when I was calling on Mrs. Perry, I asked, "How is the little girl next door whom I heard about, Kittie?"

"She 's lovely," said Kittie. "I 'm going to have her for my best friend; I don't care who laughs. I can tell all my secrets to *her*."



A RACE WITH A WOODEN SHOE.

BY FREDERICK E. PARTINGTON.



TELL of a shoe and a boy; of a bicycle and the river Rhine,—of the Rhine that creeps through a town where years ago the mayor and corporation, all for love of the children and the fear of a chance false note, banished all the hand-organs and the hurdy-gurdies beyond the city walls. And yet there is music still in the streets of the old town,—that same familiar, incessant, ringing melody rising forever from all the pavements of Northern Europe,—the music of the wooden shoes. It was Gretchen who played on them as she galloped across the court-yard before sunrise; it was the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker who played on them as they clattered so early along the gabled streets of the city; it was surely the fish-wives and the flower-girls and the milk-maids and blue-bloused *Dienstmänner* who pounded them on the pavements of the market-place and sent up a symphony of clickity-clicks and laughter; but better than all the rest, it was a thousand children, on a glorious afternoon, who rushed out of school—a common *Volkschule*—and made earth and air and sky ring with the music of their wooden shoes.

The rain was over, the sun was bursting forth in floods of strange yellow light, and torrents of water rushed madly along the gutters. Verily, was there ever a river so mighty and delightful to boys as this swollen street-tide after the storm? How they go plunging to the depths of it! And how these hundreds of lads, with knapsacks on their backs, yelled with glee when they saw it. It was the work of a second to strip off the stockings and cram them into pock-

ets along with the strings and the marbles,—the work of a second to do this, and, with a wooden shoe in either hand, rush to the flooded street and cry, “Who ’ll have a race?”

“*Ich!—Ach-ja!—Ich auch!—Ich—Ich!*” rang through the streets like the cries of the hot crusaders. Every boy and a hundred girls accepted the challenge. And so, on either side the way, they ranged themselves, and into the rushing gutters launched their wooden shoes! It was a sight for St. Nicholas! Never since the carnivals of Venice or the day of the great Armada had there floated a fleet so wonderful as this! Hundreds and hundreds of shoes,—large ones, small ones, broad ones, and narrow ones, black and red and yellow and gray, some bright with the trappings of leather and brass, some hastily rigged with a pencil for mainmast and paper for a sail, but all of them buoyant and whizzing and careering along like the bouncing galleys of the olden time. The street rocked with excitement, and the excitement rose to battle-cries when, as in all great races, the shoes began to show individual qualities and fall into classes—the great craft scudding ahead and the smaller ones forging along in one mad mob behind.

The course lay through the gutters of a long narrow street, unbroken by cross-ways for an eighth of a mile, when the rain-river suddenly ended by turning abruptly and diving into a sewer. This seemed to be generally known by the children, for they took good care to follow the shoes to the corner and snatch them up in time to save them from a very yawning and horrible abyss.

The race of the big boats had finished; the owners had rushed back to the start again, and now down the foaming torrent came bobbing and bumping away the fleet of younger craft. Little mattered it to the children—the question of center-board sloops and cutters! It was simply a fleet of chubby little smacks with

pointed noses and fluted decks, and gay leather, and brazen nails around the gunwales. On came the yachts, on flew the children. A hundred feet, and the race is over.

"Juch!" screamed the boys, "Oswald wins! Now grab thy shoe or thou 'lt lose it!"

It was the acme of genuine excitement. There followed a wild scramble for the shoes. Oswald



THE FLEET OF WOODEN SHOES.

"See the little red-trimmed shoe," yelled a boy with eyes like saucers! "See!—it 's mine!"

"And see the black one with a sail!" cried a girl, joyfully. "That 's mine!"

The race was clearly between the two. Fifty feet—thirty feet—twenty feet—ten!—and the red-trimmed one was far ahead!

the winner, frantic with joy, sprang forward to catch his own, when alas! alas! he tripped and fell; and alas! and ten times alas! away shot the shoe, turned the fatal corner, and swish!—disappeared through the great black hole of the sewer! Poor Oswald and his fellows stood dazed. Never in his whole nine years of life had Oswald known a calamity such as this.

"It's gone! It's lost! Ach! It's lost!" he cried, wringing his hands while the tears rained down his cheeks.

And there was no help for it. What mattered it to Oswald even if some tender-hearted boys

and with the confused and liberal prompting of the excited throng, he quickly told the story.

Seth listened perplexed, till suddenly, all like a flash, came a thought to his bright little mind.

"Hurrah!" he cried almost aloud. And then,



THE RACE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

did offer him their marbles? What mattered it even if a sweet little maiden *did* try to console him and wipe the tears from his eyes with the corner of her checkered apron? Nay, the whole world was nothing, compared to that shoe. It was lost; and if he had to go home without it, he knew that he might as well have been lost himself. His grief was desperate, and still he stood weeping and still the children vainly offered sympathy, when round the corner appeared Seth Hardy on his bicycle. It was about the only one in the whole town where Seth was attending school, and there was not a boy or a girl to whom the magic wheel and its rider were not well known.

"See the *Amerikaner*!" cried the crowd, as Seth came whirling along.

He spied the troop of children, noticed Oswald in tears, and stopped to learn the cause.

"Ach! mein Herr, it's gone — lost!"

"What is gone?"

"My shoe, my shoe!" And between the sobs,

with right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, — just as Herr Dr. N. of the school always did, — he reasoned it out so quickly that the German boys stood dumb with wonder. "Also!" he continued, half in German, "gutter to sewer — sewer to — it must turn into Schumann Strasse, run along Wilhelm Strasse, and then, bang! into the Rhine!"

And before a lad of them could say Jack Robinson in German, off flew Seth on his bicycle toward the river. Scores and scores of children rushed panting and shouting after him, while little Oswald Keller, with a lone shoe under his arm, dashed the tears away, and, though hardly realizing what it all meant, sped like a deer two rods ahead of them all. A whirl to the left, a spin of a block, a whirl to the right, and Seth had reached the Rhine. The rains of many days had swollen it to the danger point and the water was still rising. Another foot and, instead of the sewers rushing into the Rhine, the Rhine would be rushing into the sewers.

Jumping from his wheel, Seth ran to the bank, peered up and down and caught the spot where, whirling in muddy commotion, the sewer met the river. Thither he flew,—the crowd with him,—when, just as he had snatched an oar for stopping the fugitive the moment it appeared, a hundred throats yelled in a tremble of excitement, "Ach! The shoe! The shoe!" And lo! out from the black hole and far into the stream shot the wooden shoe. Seth had not been quick enough, and now it was beyond his reach. He saw it whirl and whirl, and dally in an eddy; and then, to his dismay and the grief of them all, saw it slowly enter the main current and speed away to the north.

"Stay here," cried Seth excitedly to Oswald and the rest. "Stay here—I 'll soon be back," and jumping on the bicycle again, he laid his head close to the very handle and vanished down the road that wound along the river.

"T is a race with the Rhine," he thought, "and it's a poor wheel that can't win it!" And away he went, till after a stretch of two miles he came to the bend and the village of L—. The banks were lined with boats and the men were busy bailing out and scouring.

"It 's a shoe!" screamed Seth, as he came flying among them. "It 's a shoe! It 's coming yonder—this side the middle of the river—and I 'll give five marks to any man that picks it up!"

How many men leaped into their boats, and how many boats shot into the Rhine, or what the wives, and the people, and the kind old village priest, and the burly fat mayor all thought will never be known; but the women stood wringing their hands, and the priest said something solemn in Latin, and the mayor took out his note-book as if, indeed, a man were drowning. But Seth saw nothing except the boats.

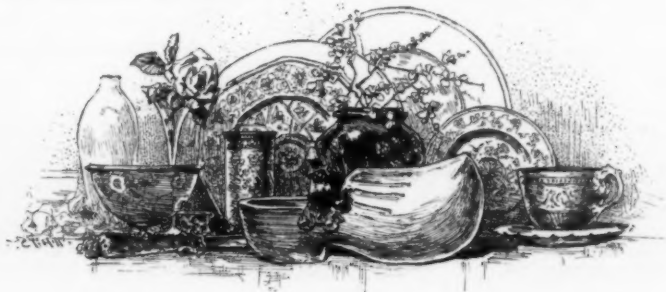
He saw them scatter, and it seemed to him as if they stretched away for miles. He saw them stemming the current and darting back and forth like fish; and then of a sudden he heard a cry and saw the boats all pulling for the shoe. He saw—ah! joy of earth!—it was the shoe! and the boatmen coming reverently forward and mumbling, and bowing, and stammering, and placing at last in his hands the precious little red-bound runaway.

The mayor stared, the priest stared, the women stared. "And the body?" they gasped. "Where is the body?"

Seth was too excited to explain. He flung the five marks to the man, jumped to his wheel again, and, while the people chattered and shook their heads, he vanished, it seemed to them, into the very skies above.

And so he came speedily to where the children waited, and amid the shouts of *bravo!* and blessings he restored the shoe to little Oswald; and then with the happy owner he went to the humble home and, telling the tale to the mother Gretchen, begged the shoes away for the price of a new and a better pair.

And it came to pass after many, many months, when Seth had left school and had returned to his home in America, that everybody would ask about a funny little shoe that stood with the cups, and the vases, and the beautiful bric-à-brac in the nooks of a fine old library. It was the same wonderful shoe of which you have just been reading. I am sure it is the shoe, for here it is before my very eyes, with the same pointed toe, and the same fluted upper and the same gay leather and shiny brass nails that it had on the day when it sailed in the streets and under the ground and raced with a bicycle down the swollen Rhine.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A WELCOME to us all, my hearers! We all have been parted for a time, and now that November brings us together again in her crisp, sudden way, we may as well proceed to business as if nothing had happened.

The birds, as you know, bring many pleasant letters to your Jack from friends all over the world, but seldom has so pleasant a letter been dropped on this pulpit as this which you now shall hear:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Are you aware that you have an Italian cousin, who lives at Mentone, and is called *Il Capuccino*? (the little friar.) There is a cloister near by, where some Capuchin friars dwell, and look out at the gay world from beneath their brown hoods. But this cousin seem to be a hermit as well as a friar, for he lives out-of-doors, all by himself. When he preaches it certainly is in the Italian language. But he is not so fortunate as to possess a department of his own in a charming magazine; and therefore it is probable he knows much more than he ever tells. His name is Brother Arum Arisarum; and he has intrusted to me a little rhymed letter of greeting to his American cousin.

E. C.

I am a little friar.
Beneath a wild-rose brier
I tell my beads of dew.
My cousin, I admire
Your preaching, and desire
To write some words to you.

All in my pulpit green,
Quite like yourself, I'm seen
When little people go
Playing their games between
The lemon boughs that lean
From slopes of Monaco.

'Tis strange they never task
My skill, nor questions ask
Such as to you they bring.
My cowl might be mask
Of zany, or a cask
Empty of everything!

They leave me here alone,
A hermit by a stone,
The shadowy woods within;
I think they have not known
A friend to every one
Is the poor Capuchin.

Now if you should intend
Some words to me to send,
The birds, flying south, will bear 'em;
How gladly will I bend
My hood to hear! Your friend,
Fra Arum Arisarum.

I thank you very much, Cousin Arisarum, for this fair greeting, and commend to you these thousands of good children who, like myself, have become true friends of yours through your gentle message. No longer shall you feel alone, "a hermit by a stone," for crowds and crowds of listening children will be near you, "the shadowy woods within," ready to catch the nod of your little brown hood.

THE KNOWING WOODPECKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: In one of your pleasant talks I learned how Mexican birds store acorns for winter use. Here is an extract from a newspaper, in which it seems to me the birds show even more intelligence than their Mexican cousins. Do any of your California readers know it to be true? AVIS.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away although he never eats them. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

HAVE any of my hearers ever seen a live frigate-bird? It is said that this bird is the swiftest flyer known. Read about him, my friends, and tell your Jack how he obtained this nautical name. Give, too, his highest record of speed according to good authorities.

THAT BICYCLE PATH.

CERTAIN boys hereabout have asked your Jack about a proposed bicycle road,—or, rather, path—from New York to Connecticut, for which they have been anxiously waiting; but this pulpit could give them no information on the subject. Practical bicyclers generally skim by so rapidly that it is not worth while to ask questions of them; and beginners usually are too much occupied, in picking themselves up and getting on again, to take much interest in very long roads—so tidings of

this new project have been hard to obtain. Here comes a letter from Troy, however, which throws either light or darkness upon it, according to the way one takes it.

TROY, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a boy and a bicyclist, and therefore I hailed with delight a paragraph which I saw in the *Portland Transcript*, a good paper which sometimes is sent to us by a down-east relative. This is it:

"Mr. A. G. Fisher, of New Haven, Conn., proposes to build a cinder path from New York to New Haven for the benefit of bicycle riders. It is to be three feet in width and laid at the side of the present road; to be built, however, only where the existing roads are not good. The path will be about seventy miles in length, and the average cost of building is estimated at \$75 per mile, or a total of \$5250. A little over ten per cent. of the amount has already been subscribed. The various bicycle clubs are expected to assist the enterprise."

Now, I'd like to know how this proposed road is getting on, and, instead of bothering Mr. A. G. Fisher, of New Haven, with the question, I think I'll ask the wide-awake crowd around your pulpit if they can tell me anything about the project. Is it alive or not? and if it's alive, how is it? Your young friend, T. G. H—.

RED SCHOOLHOUSE QUERIES.

WHO among my hearers can tell the origin of the words TINKER and ALMANAC? And why is an inn-keeper often called a LANDLORD?

A VETERAN ROSE-BUSH.

DEAR JACK: I have read lately that the oldest rose-bush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a church-yard, and against the old church at Hildesheim, Germany. The main stem is thicker than a man's body, but it has required over eight hundred years to attain this remarkable size.

Have any of your "chicks" ever seen this huge rose-bush in bloom?

Yours respectfully, A BIG BOY.

A NEBRASKA SHOW.

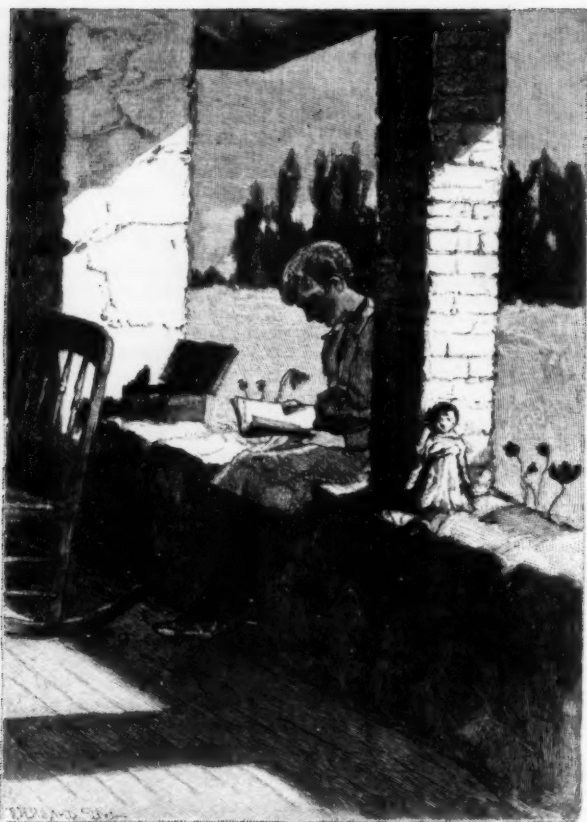
A FRIEND, to whom many thanks are due, has sent you all the way from Nebraska a photograph of a dozen or more of the finest pumpkins that ever gladdened human hearts on Thanksgiving day.

There is no need of your Jack giving you any agricultural rhetoric on this occasion. The pumpkins speak for themselves. One of them (probably the fine specimen in the lower left-hand corner) measured, I am told, exactly eight feet in circumference; that is, it would take a string eight feet long to go around it. Well, well! Thousands of you might have been supplied with pies, this month, from this one Nebraska field alone!

Before turning to another subject, let us thank the cheery-looking Nebraskan, in the corner, for giving us an opportunity to compare the relative sizes of vegetable and man.



BIG PUMPKINS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A NEBRASKA PUMPKIN-FIELD.)



"A CONSTANT READER."

OVER THE WALL.

BY ANNA H. BRANCH.

I LIKE to sit beside a wall
Among the grasses green,
And think, if over I should peep,
What things might there be seen.

Perhaps I 'd see bold Robin Hood,
With arrows, bow, and brand ;
He 'd fix his outlawed eyes on me
And shake a threatening hand.

Then, in some terror, I decide
That it can not be he ;

But that some nymph from Fairyland
Is waiting there for me.

And then I think that—oh ! perhaps—
The world has quite turned over,
And China and Japan have come
This side the sky's blue cover.

At that, I can not stand it more,
But over have to look,
And see—the dear old every-day
Green meadow, and the brook !



by
Laura
E.
Richards

(Nonsense Verse.)

ONCE there lived a little gnome,
Who had made his little home
Right down in the middle of the earth, earth, earth.
He was full of fun and frolic,
But his wife was melancholic,
And he never could divert her into mirth, mirth, mirth.

He had tried her with a monkey,
And a parrot and a donkey,
And a pig that squealed whene'er he pulled its tail, tail, tail.
But though he laughed himself
Into fits, the jolly elf,
Still his wifey's melancholy did not fail, fail, fail.

"I will hie me," said the gnome,
"From my worthy earthy home,
I will go among the dwellings of the men, men, men.
Something funny there must be, that will make her say 'He! he!
I will find it, and will bring it her again, 'gain, 'gain."

So he traveled here
and there,
And he saw the Blink-
ing Bear,
And the Pattypol
whose eyes are
in his tail, tail,
tail.



THE BLINKING BEAR.

He saw the Chingo Chee,
And a lovely sight was he,
With a ringlet, and a ribbon
on his nose, nose, nose.



THE PATTYPOL.

And he saw the Linking
Gloon,
Who was playing the
bassoon,



THE LINKING GLOON.



THE CHINGO CHEE.



THE OCTOPUS AND WHALE.

And the Octopus a-waltzing
with the whale, whale,
whale.



THE BAGGLE. THE WOGG.

And the Baggle, and
the Wogg,



THE CANTILUNAR DOG.

And the Cantilunar Dog,
Who was throwing cotton
flannel at his foes,
foes, foes.

A
peop
coul
the
som
spai
that
A
jum
Boo
stor
beau
boun
purch

All these the little gnome
Transported to his home,
And set them down before his weeping wife, wife, wife.
But she only cried and cried,
And she sobbywobbed and sighed,
Till she really was in danger of her life, life, life.

Then the gnome was in despair,
And he tore his purple hair,
And he sat him down in sorrow on a stone, stone, stone.
"I, too," he said, "will cry,
Till I tumble down and die,
For I've had enough of laughing all alone, 'lone, 'lone."

His tears they flowed away
Like a rivulet at play,
With a bubble, gubble, rubble, o'er the ground, ground, ground.
But when this his wifey saw,
She loudly cried, "Haw! haw!
Here, at last, is something funny you have found, found, found."

She laughed, "Ho! ho! he! he!"
And she chuckled loud with glee,
And she wiped away her little husband's tears, tears, tears.
And since then, through wind and weather,
They have said "He! he!" together,
For several hundred thousand merry years, years, years.

THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

A RICH man once said to me, "I have heard people say that if they had enough money they could easily select Christmas gifts. Now, for the last two hours, I have been trying to find something to suit my son-in-law. Finally, in despair, I have bought him a fifty-dollar bootjack that you could n't hire me to keep in the house."

A fifty-dollar bootjack! What a confused jumble my mind was for the next few minutes. Bootjacks, indeed! I was thinking of a bookstore I had visited that morning — of the many beautiful books, artistically printed and richly bound, which those fifty dollars would have purchased. Did not the son-in-law care for

books? I fancy that he did. But the busy man who purchased that wonderful bootjack doubtless had given no thought to the matter of his Christmas gifts until nearly the 25th of December, that consummate flower of the whole year, and then he must needs buy one of the first things he saw, provided only that it did not cost too much or too little.

With the bootjack incident still in my mind, I shall suggest various gifts, just by way of benevolently preventing my fellow-creatures from receiving absurd or useless presents. Those who are wealthy can usually find lovely and artistic gifts at Tiffany's or stores of similar rank. My

suggestions are for those lucky individuals with whom money is not so plentiful as to make the wish for a thing and its possession synonymous.

The most puzzling task at Christmas is to select presents for fathers and brothers. Two years ago, a certain young woman (this by way of reminiscence) failed to find anything she thought suitable for her brother. But after much perplexity a coffee cup and saucer, daintily decorated, was selected, and it was gratefully used at about three hundred and sixty breakfasts during the following year. The next year a cut-glass salt-cellar and pepper-box were given. Besides these and similar articles, one might try canvas or linen slipper-cases, made to hang against the wall, inkstands and other articles for desks, silver match-boxes, razors (for which the traditional penny should be exacted), shaving-glasses, cases of shaving-paper, or, that always welcome friend, a silk muffler. A case for carrying collars and cuffs when traveling, is a useful present for many. The outside may be of any material available, and the lining should be of silk; but a stiff interlining of buckram should be inserted. In short, make it like a music-roll, but not so wide, and fasten it with a fancy leather strap and buckle. Decorate the outside with some pretty device,—the initials or monogram of the prospective owner.

I shall make no further suggestions of articles especially suitable for the sterner sex, but among the presents which will do equally well for either father or mother, brother or sister, may be mentioned umbrellas; umbrella-cases; chairs of more or less elaborate workmanship, from the pretty wicker or rattan chair to those which are profusely carved or richly upholstered; opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs and handkerchief-cases, gold pencils, fountain pens, card-cases, napkin-rings, and books.

A little rule of mine in buying books may not come amiss. It is this: When a person's means will permit only a small library, never buy any book that will not bear *reading more than once*. Still, most of what is called "current literature" may be bought for a low price, the chances being that its flimsy binding will outwear its popularity.

This is what Charles Lamb says about the binding of books: "To be strong-backed and

neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspeare or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's 'Seasons,' again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared."

In regard to reading *good* books, Ruskin says: "Do you know, if you read this, you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there."

A small bookcase need not be expensive to be pretty, and a small revolving bookcase, made

especially for holding books of reference, is a delight to a reader.

Many of the large publishing houses keep on sale pictures of authors. Twenty-five cents will buy the portrait of almost any well-known author. These are usually wood-engravings and excellent of their kind, well printed on good paper, in size about ten by twelve inches. For the same picture on India paper (which, of course, is more durable and admits of a finer impression) one dollar may be asked, and the extra money will be well spent. A neatly framed portrait of the favorite author of a friend will make a charming gift at but small cost.

Other pictures — photographs of famous pictures, for instance — may be bought at a low figure and framed. But pictures are like books: there is an infinite variety to choose from, and the price for either can be made high enough to suit the most lavish giver.

Many make it a practice to subscribe to some favorite magazine or paper, as a Christmas gift; and those who wish to confer an ever new pleasure may well bear this in mind. With so many capital publications, devoted to all imaginable tastes and pursuits, a choice will not be difficult. Children, especially, enjoy receiving their own papers and magazines, and a present of this kind can, by a payment far from large, be guaranteed to last one year — a surety which can never be furnished with any toy, no matter how expensive or durable.

Very young girls have a weakness for ribbons, sashes, perfumery, bangles, and fancy pins, and one can do worse than to moderately indulge these innocent vanities.

Family servants should share the Christmas joy; and appropriate gifts, such as print or neat woolen dresses, aprons, or a pocketbook with perhaps a coin or bill in it, will never come amiss.

The mothers — the housekeepers — are the easiest to cater for at this season of puzzled shoppers. There are hundreds of dainty articles which the true home-maker will welcome. Anything to beautify the home can hardly fail

to please; — silver, china, articles of cut-glass, or choice napery for the table, a Japanese umbrella-stand, a work-basket prettily fitted up and with perhaps a silver or gold thimble in its own little pocket, a linen scarf for the sideboard embroidered or finished with "drawn work," a shopping-bag, or embroidered scarfs of the pretty China silks now so much used in decoration. Other gifts might be vinaigrettes, silver glove-buttoners, crocheted slippers, dainty aprons, ivory brushes and combs, stationery, pocket-books, card-cases or address-books. In presenting any of the latter gifts it will show an added thoughtfulness on the part of the giver to have the name, or at least the initials, of the recipient printed in gilt letters on the article, if it be of leather. The added cost for this work is very trifling. In the same way the value of a box of stationery is much enhanced if the giver has had the address of the recipient stamped upon the upper right-hand corner of the paper.

A little time and thoughtful work may produce very delightful results. A lady of my acquaintance was greatly pleased with a certain beautiful story which appeared in a well-known weekly paper. It was not possible to obtain the story in any other form, so her niece bought two copies of the paper containing it, as it was printed on both sides of the page. After cutting the story out neatly in columns and pasting these into one long strip, the whole piece was measured and then carefully pasted in even double columns upon sheets of heavy paper of a size which left a broad margin. Then the margins were decorated with delicate sprays of flowers painted in sepia, and the name of the story in fancy letters appeared on the thicker sheet of paper which served as a cover. Round holes were made with an instrument which is manufactured for that purpose, and all the sheets, eleven in number, were tied together with a ribbon. On the last page a copy of a famous painting of the Madonna, prominently mentioned in the story, was mounted. The result was a really lovely little gift-book, sure to please her who received it.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR readers will be interested in comparing the two descriptions of rabbit-hunting published in this number: "Coursing with Greyhounds in Southern California" and a "Pueblo Rabbit-hunt." Between the civilized "coursing" and the savage "drive" the contrast is certainly striking.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I HAVE the honor, this morning, to be, One of a committee, that numbers but three, To ask you a question concerning the fate Of one who wrote for your pages of late. 'T is "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," whose loss we bewail, The parson who told us full many a tale, Instructive and funny his sermons to all. Now tell your "Dear Reader," has Jack had a fall? Has he misused the funds that others have earned? Has he taught us a lesson that *he* has n't learned? Has he jilted the "School-ma'am," that lamb of his fold, Or doctrines advanced that some thought too bold? If you know where he is, you had best make it known, Or suspicion will rest on old St. Nick alone. When last Jack was seen with your authors renowned, He seemed hale and hearty—in *every* way sound. Now do solve the mystery that hangs over Jack, And if it is possible please have him back. *Vive le* St. Nicholas, in whom I delight.

Your ardent admirer, ETHEL P. WRIGHT.

This cheery correspondent, and all Jack's other friends, will see that he is again in his pulpit this month. Like other preachers, he must have a vacation now and then.

And, by the way, Jack-in-the-Pulpit requests us to convey his thanks to *Mollie U. F., Nagrom, J. H. Darrell, May Waring, Dannie G., Mildred D. G., and Paul Gage*, for the good letters they sent him in reply to *Àimée Lequeux D.'s* question given in the May ST. NICHOLAS. The letters were cordially enjoyed, but were received too late to be acknowledged with the other letters on the banana question.

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember to have ever seen a letter from Athens in your "Letter-box," so I thought that some of your readers might like to know something about it. The people are very dark, and it is rare to find any fair ones. I was only nine years old when I left America, and now I am fourteen. Greek is very difficult, and a person not knowing the language might often think the people quarreling, they talk so very loud and use so many gestures. Greek girls do not, as a rule, go to school, but they have private teachers and governesses. Almost all the children speak several languages, and you often find a little child five or six years old who can speak Greek, English, German, and French.

Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS may be surprised to know that the King, Queen and Princesses go about the town just like other people—sometimes in a carriage, or on horseback, and often walk about the streets unattended. But when there is any special ceremony, there is a gilt coach, with grooms in blue and silver liveries, and magnificent horses. But perhaps every one is not so much interested in royalty as I am, so I will talk of something else. There are a great many ruins here, the most beautiful being the Acropolis. But I must not attempt to describe them. Besides the ruins, there are very beautiful houses (really palaces) and magnificent streets. The pavement on the principal streets must be about thirty feet wide on each side, and the road still wider. I must say, before I stop writing, that, of all the stories I have yet read in the ST. NICHOLAS, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are my favorites. I have a little sister who enjoys the pictures very much.

Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, from your interested reader,

MABEL M.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for nearly a year, and are very fond of it. We visited Europe about a year ago, and stayed there for six months. We were led to take your magazine by hearing such favorable comments passed upon it while we were in Athens, Greece. We visited various places of interest, among which were Geneva, Paris, London, Liverpool, Rome, and numerous other cities. While in Geneva we had quite a singular adventure. We were out driving, one sultry afternoon, when our carriage was stopped, and two fierce-looking men approached us, compelling us to give up all our valuables. Of course we were obliged to comply with their wishes, but very reluctantly. Hoping to see this letter published in your next number,

Your admiring readers, MAY AND FLORA.

LILY BAY, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your August number an article about "Flower Ladies." I have often played it, only rather more elaborately. Perhaps you would like to know my way.

I used to take a bud or seed-vessel, leaving about two inches of stalk. A daisy bud or a very green poppy-seed is the best, using the bud or seed-vessel as a head, and slipping the stalk through the petal of a morning-glory flower. We did not always use morning-glory flowers, but sometimes nasturtium blossoms with enough of the little tube cut off to allow the stalk to pass through, so making a girl doll with a full skirt.

A still gayer dress was one I made by taking the petals of a poppy and fastening them around the waist of the doll with grass or thread, and then putting on the leaves of a different-colored poppy arranged as a cape.

Hats were made by taking the blossom of a sweet-pea and opening the lower petals wide enough to insert the head, and running a pin or stiff piece of grass through from the calyx, which is left on, into the head. A simpler way of making hats is to take a blossom of the butter-and-eggs (*Antirrhinum*) and open the mouth wide enough to inclose the head. We used to call them "riding-hats." Faces can be made by pressing the point of a pin into the seed. I have never seen this done except with a poppy-head.

Hoping that my ST. NICHOLAS girl friends who are interested in the "Flower Ladies" will improve and enlarge on my pattern-book, I remain, sincerely yours,
ELEANOR M. F.—

CANTON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for nearly five years, I have never written to you before, and I hope this letter will have the honor of being printed in the "Letter-box," for the reason that it is from a "Johnstown flood sufferer," if for no other.

Our family was (with the exception of myself, I being two miles from town visiting) in the thickest part of the flood. They were on the roof of the house when it floated from its foundation and directly opposite the school-house, which was a block away from us before the flood.

They then climbed over houses, debris, etc., and got in the school-house. This was about five o'clock in the evening of that disastrous day. They did not get out until six o'clock the next evening. During all that time they did not have a bite to eat. I had my ST. NICHOLAS all bound, but the books went with our house in the flood. I have not seen but one copy of ST. NICHOLAS since May 31, 1889, and do not expect to see one of my own for a great while.

Your interested non-reader, ALICE L. S.—

P. S.—Not one of my relatives was lost in the flood, but many friends were. We are going back to Johnstown in the fall.

GREENWOOD LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy having my Papa read to my sisters and my brothers and myself the stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

I will tell you a funny story. At our house, whenever we are naughty, we have another name.

We don't belong to our family at all, but to the Hopscotch family. My big sister is Peggerty, the next one Betsy, or Elizabeth Jane, and my big brother is Jedediah, and my little brothers Obediah and Abimeleck, and my sister, that's only a little older than I, whose letter you printed in your September ST. NICHOLAS, is Malinda, and Papa and Mamma, if they were ever naughty, would be Ahasuerus and Semarimus, and my name is Melvina.

If we are naughty, my Papa says, "Peggerty, Elizabeth Jane, Jedediah, Malinda, Melvina, Obediah, and Abimeleck, go right to your rooms and stay there until I send for you!"

I tell you we do not, any of us, like to be called a member of the Hopscotch family!

NORA McD—, seven years old.

FORT WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I promised to write to you some time ago, but have never done so. I am an army girl, and am constantly moving about. I love to travel.

The last time I wrote to you, I was in Virginia. I intended to write and tell you about New Orleans, when I lived there. The trip down South was a very pleasant one to us. We went down in the latter part of October, just when the cotton is being picked. It is very interesting to see the negroes picking; they hold a large basket on their heads, with one hand, and with the other they pick the cotton. When one hand is quite full they reach up and put the contents in the basket. The prettiest sight that I saw in my three-days' journey south, was the Florida moss which hangs from the trees; this moss is of a dull, dusty gray; when picked it will sometimes turn black.

I have stood on the battle-ground at New Orleans, and have also been on top of Jackson Monument. This monument is built of white stone, and is not complete; some of the stones on top are loose and liable to fall at any moment. When in the South I used to amuse myself by watching the little lizards running up and down the trees. They are very peculiar; when running up the bark of a tree, they turn dark, but as soon as they touch the green leaves they are green.

The prettiest cemetery that I ever saw is the Chalmette National Cemetery; in June (the month of roses) it is a bower of flowers. Flowers of every kind and description grow in profusion. Among the flowers are banana-palms and orange trees; the latter, when in bloom, scent the whole cemetery.

Just before you got to the cemetery is an old, old powder-house, that was built before the war; it is so old that it is nearly tumbling over.

Attached to Jackson barracks is a large magnolia grove, where the magnolias blossom and fade. They perfume the whole barracks.

I have taken you for three years and could not do without you. Every month, when it draws near the time for your arrival, the mail is carefully watched.

I was born in the West, but I love the South. This is the first time I have been North. I remain, your devoted reader and admirer,
M. T. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a "Martha Washington Fancy Dress Party" which I attended on the Centennial Day.

It was given by a friend of mine, and I wore a gown my great-grandmother wore on the day of Washington's Inauguration. It was made of a dark red, of an ordinary material, and a part of it was lined with bed-ticking. The boys took different characters in American history, as the girls did, and looked very old-fashioned in their white wigs, smallclothes, shoe-buckles, and military coats.

We danced the minuet and other old dances, and the ice-cream was served up in two different forms,—one the head of Martha, and the other of George Washington.

I enjoy your magazine so very much, and can hardly wait for it to come every month. Your loving friend and admirer,
AIDA ST. CLAIR D—.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Lilian M., E. P., Eleanor M., Alice F. Mitchell, Josephine Sherwood, S. Howard Armstrong, M. C. S., Henriette de R., Julia Babcock, Carrie and Fannie Bennet, Hazel M. Muncey, Kittie K. Nyce, Reba I. and Fannie, James H., Maria D. Malone, Millie K. and Rose L., E. Janney, Elizabeth D., Kate Guthrie, Lisa D. Bloodgood, Margaret S., Cora M. S., Ortie C. Dake, Martha Frederick, Ethel P. Wright, Kate Krutz, Elsie R., Charles T. H., "Lizzie," Martha T. Mann, Sara M. Scribner, Lilian, Mabel, Maude, and Cecile, Violet C., Ruth Owen Sturges.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—1888-89.

TO ST. NICHOLAS, the Agassiz Association (which was begun in this magazine) owes a new debt of gratitude. Within two months after our annual report appeared in ST. NICHOLAS last November, responsive letters were received from more than three hundred persons, and more than one hundred new branch societies, or Chapters, were organized. I wish the number might be doubled now!

Among the most interesting of our new Chapters are two which have taken root—where do you think?—in Russia! One of them is at Shargovod, in Podolsk, the other at Savinstzy, in Poltava, and if you will take the trouble to glance at your atlas you will see that these are not border towns, but far interior.

Two societies have been established in England (Burton and Wolverhampton), and one in Nova Scotia.

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS are probably aware that we have divided all the branches of the Association into ten groups, called "centuries," for convenience in reporting. Reports are expected from the Chapters of the first century in January of each year; from the second century in February, and so on, omitting the months of August and September. Perhaps I can give no better impression of the progress of our work than by taking a short glance at the letters which came in for the month July. They are certainly very encouraging and gratifying.

Iowa Chapters are always "up to the mark." Here is *Clarksville*, 612, started only last March, that has already more than doubled its membership, has meetings every Saturday, holds written examinations once a month in botany, and adds to the usual programme of its meetings, music, readings, and recitations. Miss Bertha Penrose is the president, and Miss Grace Cameron the secretary.

We turn the telescope to Louisiana. Within half a year the *Henry H. Straight Memorial Chapter*, New Orleans, C. No. 614, has increased its membership from eight to twenty-four. Three hundred per cent. is very good! Three of these members are adult, and they direct the work of the children, each one being encouraged to follow his special inclination. Among other things talked over and studied have been the crayfish, dragon-fly, various moths and butterflies, and sea-fish. Common trees have also been discussed, and specimens of the wood, blossom, flower, and fruit mounted on cardboard. One meeting was given up entirely to the chicken. Its senses, "clothes," bones (in a mounted skeleton), history and origin, breeds and care, eggs and incubators, were some of the topics, varied by two humorous recitations. After all this the society actually partook of a chicken-pie (which is certainly a practical illustration of "applied science"!) and the meeting adjourned after each person present had while blindfolded drawn a picture of a chicken. Each one paid five cents for the privilege of drawing, and the one who made the best picture received the whole collection of drawings as a "chicken album." So they had much fun and made some money. Miss Eliza A. Cheyne, the earnest secretary, adds, "We are very glad indeed to belong to the Agassiz Association. Any one who doubts the value of nature studies for children should watch, as I have for six months, its awakening and quickening power."

Before passing to the next Chapter, we must add parenthetically that Miss Cheyne has just organized a strong Chapter of more than twenty members in Hampton Institute, General Armstrong's Indian School.

It is surprising how Chapters in the largest cities thrive equally with those which are supposed to be in nature's more favored haunts, the country. Chapter 630, *New York City*, C. retains its full membership, and has been steadily adding to its collections.

And now we must take a very long step,—to *Redlands, California*. Prince Krapotkine, the distinguished Russian, calls frequent attention to the Agassiz Association, in his speeches on "What Geography Ought to Be"; and shows that, by such a system of correspondence and exchange as we have, we get more true knowledge of distant lands than is possible in any other way. The truth of this remark is illustrated by our regular reports every month.

In Redlands, Cal., then, Chapter 630 began its existence at the suggestion and under the guidance of Professor J. G. Scott, so long the distinguished head of the Westfield, Mass., Normal School. Professor Scott has recently died, but, wherever he has been, there will remain inspiring memories of his earnest life. Says the secretary of Chapter 630, "Professor Scott spent most of the winter with us, and

no one could be with him without becoming interested in natural history. We were constantly inspired." She adds, "We were also fortunate in having another Massachusetts teacher with us last winter, Professor T. E. N. Eaton, of Worcester. He conducted a botany class attended by some fifty members." The secretary of this Chapter, at the end of her very interesting report, requests that it be not published. We did not notice the request until the foregoing extract was written, and while we do not publish the report, we are unwilling to suppress the merited tributes to Professors Scott and Eaton.

One of our most active Chapters is 652, *East Orange, N. J.*, C. under the efficient management of Mary D. Hussey, M. D. Just entering on its third year with five new members, it reports the interest greater than ever. It is so large that its work is done in sections, of which there are four. The geological section has finished the first grade of Professor Gutenberg's Agassiz Association course and has begun a study of local minerals. The botanical section has been occupied with excursions and work upon the local flora, and on Arbor Day interested the children of a public school in tree-planting. Fifty small trees, which had been raised from seedlings, were presented to the children by the Chapter, and the children planted them at their own homes with their own hands. The entomological section reported on wasps, honey-bees, bumble-bees, and silk-worms, presenting specimens of each. It was all original work. During the remainder of the season the ornithological section took charge of the meetings, and the following birds were studied from specimens lent from a private collection: English sparrows, chipping, song, and tree sparrows, snow-birds, hawks, owls, blackbirds, orioles, robins, wrens, and fly-catchers. Members of this Chapter attended each meeting of the Agassiz Hill and Dale Club, and the New Jersey State Assembly of the Agassiz Association. Agassiz's birthday, May 28, was celebrated in a grove by reading sketches of his life and scientific work, and Lowell's poem, followed by refreshments and an exhibition of specimens. A most encouraging record of a year's work.

Mr. H. B. Hastings reports that Chapter 663, of *Chelsea, Mass.*, has a microscope fund of thirty-six dollars deposited in bank.

We must give an extract from the excellent report of Chapter 694, of *Plainfield, N. J.*, C. The three secretaries, Mary E. Tracy, Margaret L. Tracy, and Lilian Erskine, write, in part, as follows:

"Our Chapter has eleven active and five honorary members. This year botanical and geological sections have been formed in addition to the one in entomology. We have held thirty-nine meetings besides making ten excursions into the country, have sent a delegate to both sessions of the New Jersey Assembly, and at least one member has attended three meetings of the Hill and Dale Club.

"The botanical section of our chapter was organized in the fall and consists of eight active members. We have held nine regular meetings. During the first part of the year we studied ferns. In the winter months we took up the lives of Linnaeus, the Jussieu family, and other well-known botanists of that time. Our work this spring has been mostly in connection with the study of botany in school. We have analyzed one hundred and five plants, fifty plants having been mounted by each member."

We bring this hasty review of the "Seventh Century" to a close by quoting part of an encouraging report from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa: "The number of meetings held during the year is forty-five. We have made quite a number of excursions and some very interesting discoveries. One of our members, a gentleman from Colorado attending the University, brought us some beautiful specimens of gold and silver ore."

A noticeable feature of the year's work has been the rapid extension of the Association among the higher institutions of learning. We have Chapters in connection with Johns Hopkins University, Columbia College, the College of the City of New York, Rutgers, Wellesley, Wittenburg, Akron, Olivet, and others, to say nothing of numerous Chapters in normal schools.

At the same time, there are just as many Chapters of the little ones as ever, and many "family Chapters," where old and young study and work together. Once more, it gives me great pleasure to invite all, of whatever age, to unite with us, either by organizing local Chapters, or as individual members. To any one who will send his address will be sent a circular, containing concise directions for joining the Association—there is no charge for the enrollment of Chapters—and with the circular will be sent a wood-engraving of Professor Agassiz.

Address, PRESIDENT AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Sir Christopher Wren. 1. Spike.
2. Acorn. 3. Chair. 4. Sieve. 5. Otter. 6. Ships.
7. Mower. 8. Rower. 9. Negro.
ACROSTIC RIDDLE. 1. Lark. 2. Army. 3. Riches.
4. Kite.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The sere leaf, flitting on the blast;
The hips and haws in every hedge,
Bespeak October's come! At last
We stand on Winter's crumbling edge.

A HOLLOW SQUARE. From 1 to 2, spatter; 3 to 4,
plea; 5 to 6, alcoran; 7 to 8, tong; 9 to 10, ternate;
11 to 12, cats; 13 to 14, rangest.

CONCEALED HALF SQUARE. 1. Diamond. 2. Imbibe.
3. Abate. 4. Mite. 5. Obe. 6. Ne. 7. D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Plan.
2. Line. 3. Anna. 4. Neat. Lower square: 1. Than.
2. Hare. 3. Aril. 4. Nell. From 1 to 3, pintail.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Louise Ingham Adams—Josephine Sherwood—Paul Reese—Maxie and Jackspar—Maude E. Palmer—Clara B. Orwig—Pearl F. Stevens—J. B. Swann—Ida C. Thallon—Blanche and Fred—Mamma and Jamie—"The Wise Five"—Mary L. Gerrish—Odie Oliphant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Marion Hughes, 1—"The Family," 1—Gertrude and Cora McCabe, 1—Pearl B., 1—Ida A., 1—Monica, 2—Donald C. Barnes, 1—Mabel, Alice, and Savage, 1—Emmons L. Peck, 1—Bebbie and Matilda, 2—A. E. H. Meyer, 2—L. R. M., 1—Pauline M. H., Elsie E., and Catherine E. H., 1—"May and '79," 9—Annie Louise Clay, 1—Clara and Emma, 1—Wm. N. Seaver, 5—May and Lil, 1—Lester and Gertrude, 1—"Bungalowites," 2—Mary E. Colston, 3—F. P. Whitmore, 1—L. L. W. and Two Cousins, 1—M. H. Perrin, 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 2—H. M. C., 4—Effie K. Talboys, 6—A. P. C., S. W., E. M. M. and A. W. Ashhurst, 5—Bella Myers, 1—G. H. Purdy, 2—Margaret Alice, 1—Ida and Mamma, 2—May Martin, 1—Marge P. and Emilie D., 4—"Karl the Great," 9—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 2—"Kendrick Family," 1—Percy V. Rance, 1—Skipper, 2—Helen D., 9—"Bears," 2—"Jo and I," 10—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 6—"A Family Affair," 9—Kate Guthrie, 5—Nora Maynard, 4—Fanny H., 8—Adrienne Offley Forrester, 5—J. M. Wright, 1—Pussy and Kitty, 2—"Frizzlewig," 4—E. F. M., 3—Charles Beaufort, 1—B. F. R., 7—Dora, 1.

RHOMBOLD.

ACROSS: 1. The government of the Turkish empire.
2. Injuries. 3. Pastimes. 4. Fairies. 5. Purport.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rope. 2. An exclamation. 3. A fragment. 4. A snare. 5. An ant. 6. Withered. 7. Iniquity. 8. In like manner. 9. In rope.

PL.

Sit eth emit
Hewn eht niche

Fo eht senasos horlac bnda si gining tou.

Kysom stribgnesh slif eht ari,

Rof eht glith swind weeryhever

Sneers lfal fo wolffrey bressem wings batou.

Three si stenswese hatt sopperess,

Sa a retiden riptang seslebs;

Threes a fontseed wogl fo yabten,

Sa hewn Leov si rethawing Daut;

Theer rea delisome taht mese

Gawvine stap dan trufeu toni neo rafi ramed.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Lea. 3. Worms. 4. Lovable.
5. Peragrate. 6. Ambreic. 7. Slain. 8. Etc. 9. E.
PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Harvest Home. Cross-words:
1. Hydra. 2. Arion. 3. Remus. 4. Vesta. 5. Epeus.
6. Siren. 7. Titan. 8. Hylas. 9. Orion. 10. Medea.
11. Erato.

BURIED CITIES. Initials, Cleveland. 1. Canton.
2. Lille. 3. Exeter. 4. Venice. 5. Ems. 6. Lima.
7. Amiens. 8. Nice. 9. Damascus.

PL. ALICE CARY IN "Autumn."

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips

The days, as through the sunset gate they crowd,

And Summer from her golden collar slips

And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,

Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,

And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,

She lies on pillows of the faded leaves,

And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

placed one below the other, in the order here given, the primals will spell degrades; the row next to them will spell to superintend; the finals will spell the side opposite to the weather side; and the row next to them will spell charges.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the back. 2. To manifest. 3. To threaten. 4. A name anciently given to the underworld. 5. A city in Italy, near Perugia. 6. Wanted. 7. Having the surface set with bristles. F. S. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Gives medicine to. 2. The weight of twelve grains.
3. Substantial. 4. A feminine name. 5. A covered vehicle for carrying a single person.

CHARADE.

My first is the most of the whole;

Indeed, than the whole it's no less.

My second, no matter how large,

Can never be all, you'll confess.

By adding a few to the whole

A compound is made that is healthy;

Indeed, your food should be this,

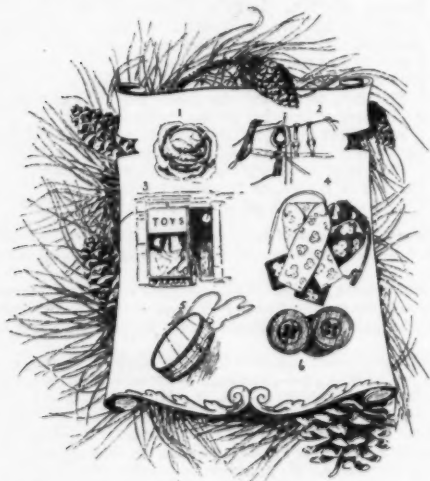
Whether you're poor or you're wealthy.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and form two lines from a poem by Tennyson.

My 36-13-18-7-32-42 is a poem consisting of fourteen lines. My 11-27-40-17-4 is a story. My 45-21-48-19 is an excuse. My 1-23-38-29-9-20-44 is the national flower of a certain country. My 14-25-5-46-30 is a kind of grain extensively cultivated. My 35-41 is a preposition. My 2-15-26-33-24-16 is a young cow. My 6-43-8-37 are small, globular masses of lead. My 3-47-22-31-34-10-28-12-39 is enslaves. F. A. W.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.



EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the third perpendicular row will spell the surname of an American poet who was born in November, 1797.

RIDDLE.

FROM night until morning, from morning till night,
My dress varies not, 't is the purest of white;
But how shall I add what must injure my song,—
That I 'm plump as a dumpling, not round but oblong.
Moreover, my station I take on the head
Of a creature large, strong, and a true quadruped;
But so gentle and quiet that children may dare
To mount on his back and sit fearlessly there.
I said that my form was not sylph-like nor slender,
No matter for that, since my feelings are tender;
But a caution I have for the young and the gay,
Shun my company ever, by break of the day,
Or the roses of health that now bloom on your face
Will ere long to the hue of the lily give place.
And now if there 's one who my name has not guessed,
I 'll venture 't is that one who loves me the best.

C. L. M.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

WHEN the words represented by stars in the following sentences have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner

to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of the English poet from whose great work the following quotations are taken:

1. "Then comes the father of the * * * * * forth,
Wrapt in black glooms."
2. " * * * * * in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court."
3. "Along the woods, along the * * * * * fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm."
4. "The lively * * * * * drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact."
5. "He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast * * * * * concealed."
6. "How dead the vegetable * * * * * lies!"
7. "And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his * * * * * blasts,"
DYCIE.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate a rural worker, and make a vegetable and an insect. Answer, peas-ant.

1. Separate a kind of pie or tart, and make to revolve and above.
2. Separate a mercenary, and make wages and a kind of fish.
3. Separate a preservative against injury, and make a preposition meaning "against," and to love.
4. Separate a nocturnal bird, and make darkness and a bird resembling a falcon.
5. Separate a piece of timber in a ship, and make navigates and onward.
6. Separate an assistant to a churchwarden, and make margins and a human being.
7. Separate an unexpected piece of good fortune, and make idols and conclusion.
8. Separate to write between, and make to bury and a writer.
9. Separate pertaining to the evening, and make the evening star and part of a fork.
10. Separate to threaten, and make a mischievous sprite and the close.
11. Separate remarkable, and make a word that expresses denial and proficient.
12. Separate to please, and make happy and a cave.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell a day of rejoicing, and the initials of the second row, a place many people visit in November.

GILBERT FORREST.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals form a surname of Juno at Rome, and my finals a name for Rhea.

- CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A large artery in the neck. 2. An Italian poet. 3. A web-footed marine bird. 4. Reported. 5. Capacity. 6. A lintel over a door. 7. To fall against. 8. A kind of cloth, originally brought from China. 9. A musical term meaning rather slow.

F. S. M.

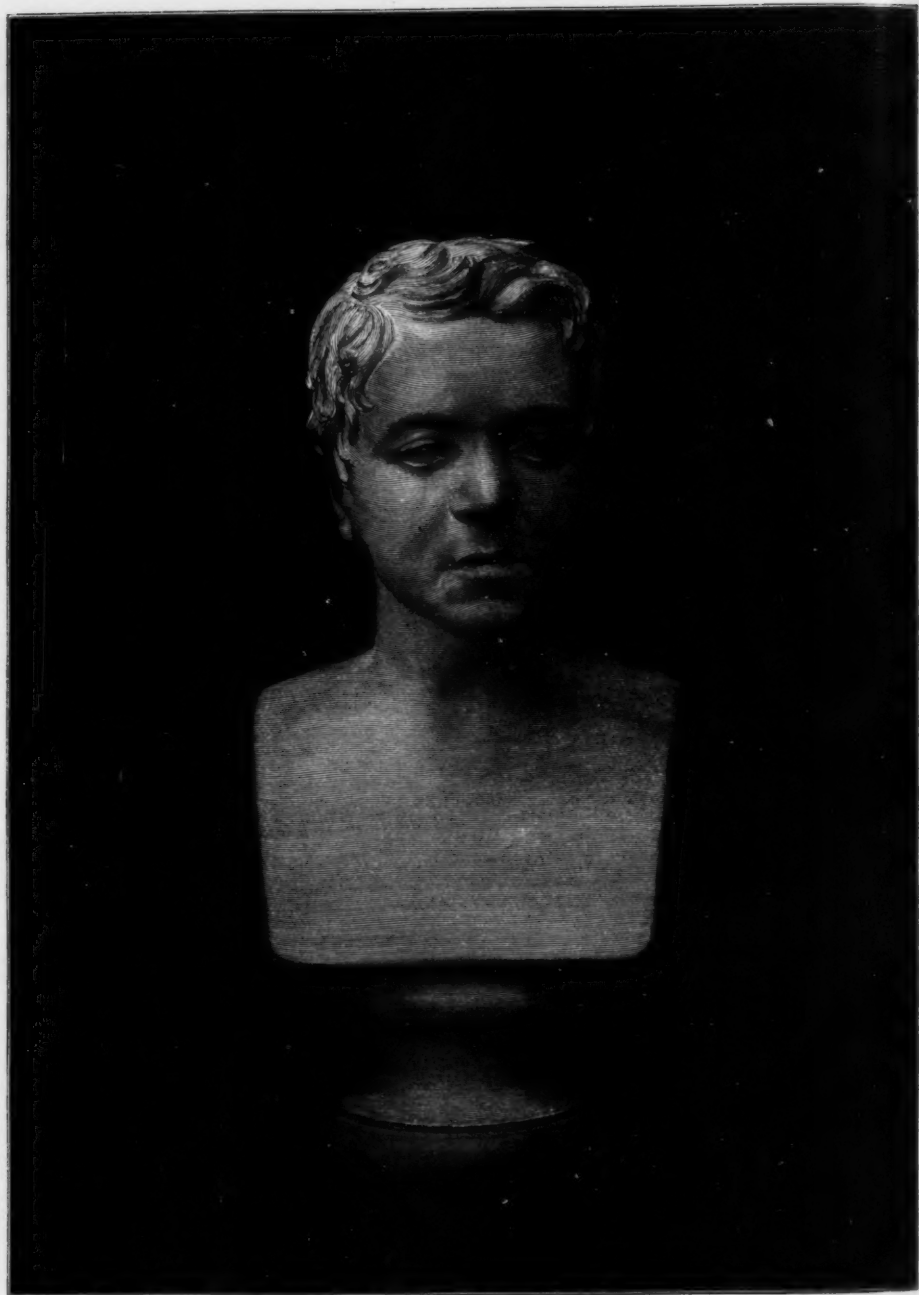
PROVERB PUZZLE.

BY taking one word from each of the following proverbs, a quotation from *Macbeth*, suitable to the season, may be found:

1. Bitter pills may have blessed effects.
2. A good key is necessary to enter into Paradise.
3. Some have more trouble in the digestion of meat than in getting the meat itself.
4. Better wait on the cook than the doctor.
5. Praise the sea but keep on land.
6. Temperance, employment, a cheerful spirit, and a good appetite are the great preservers of health.
7. Little and often fills the purse.
8. Sickness is felt, but health not at all.
9. Lookers-on see more than players.
10. Hear both sides before you decide on your verdict.

"AM PEGOTTY."

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

(ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS, FROM A BUST BY J. DEVILE, MADE JUNE 1, 1822.)